

MC KINLEY HIGH SCHOOL
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Ed Daniel

The Retrospect

1907

McKinley Manual Training School

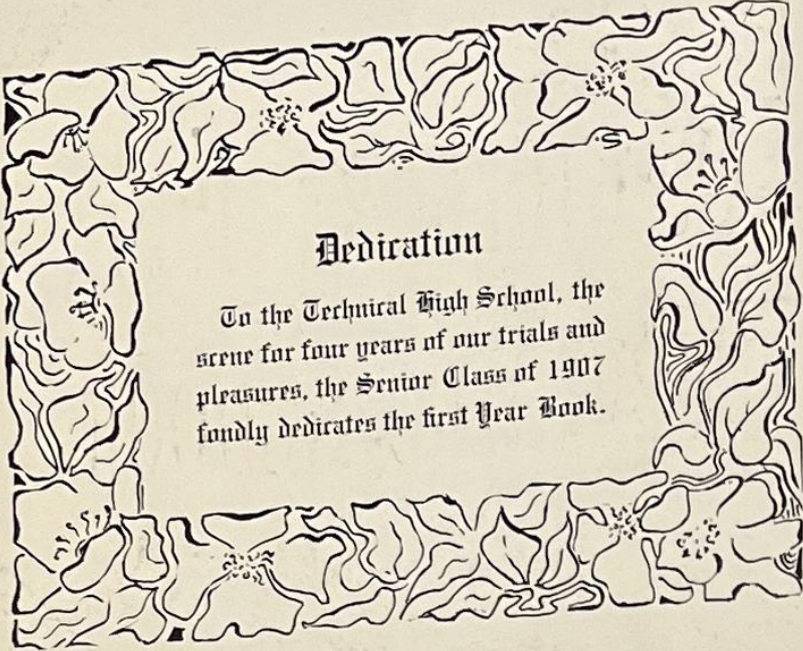


THE
RETROSPECT
1907

MC KINLEY HIGH SCHOOL
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Mc KINLEY MANUAL
TRAINING SCHOOL



Dedication

To the Technical High School, the
scene for four years of our trials and
pleasures, the Senior Class of 1907
fondly dedicates the first Year Book.



THE MCKINLEY MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL

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GREETING.

AS a swallow skimming idly o'er the water
Calls to memory pleasant moments of
the past,

Fleecy clouds drifting slowly over tree-tops,
Lazy brooklets murmuring softly through the
grass—

Any happy thought that comes to greet the
swallow,

Any picture formed by fancy's subtle trend,
Strong and vivid in your own imagination,

Gently softened by dim haze at time's com-
mand—

So let this book of memories come to greet you,
Calm your wearied mind when you are full of
care,

And remind you, when your thoughts in idle
moments

Hover in that land 'twixt pleasure and de-
spair,

Of happy times and fond associations;

Of friends you have not seen since years gone
by;

Of any scene you cherish and remember,
Then close the book and let the memories die.

THE EDITORS.



HISTORY OF THE MCKINLEY MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

THE history of the McKinley Manual Training School may be said to date back as far as 1885-'86, when Prof. C. H. Koyl, instructor in Physics at the High School, secured a work-bench and a few tools and gave instructions in shop practice to a few of his pupils who were willing to devote some of their spare time to this purpose. The success of this course of instruction was so marked that the following year Mr. W. G. Wesson, a graduate of Worcester Polytechnical Institute, was appointed as instructor. From this time manual training became an optional course and a special building was used for the purpose at 624-26 O street, Miss Jacobs having charge of the Domestic Science and Messrs. J. A. Chamberlain and F. L. Emory and J. F. McNab, of the shop-work. This work was carried on under difficulties as a part of the Central High School course until after the appropriation by Congress to erect a new building for the purpose. In September, 1891, when the work was well under way and the building nearing

completion, the McKinley Manual Training School was opened to the public as an independent school, under the direction of Mr. Chamberlain. The school had not received its formal name, but was designated Manual Training School No. 1. About two hundred and forty pupils were assigned to the rooms in Central, set apart for the use of the McKinley Manual Training School, and fifteen pupils were this year graduated.

On January 29, 1902, the school was formally dedicated and the keys presented to the Principal, Mr. A. I. Gardner. This school was remarkably successful, the first year winning the championship in baseball, also the competitive drill, under Captain Huddleson.

The popularity of the school was so marked that it soon became apparent that steps must be taken to prevent the school from growing with greater rapidity than room could be provided for its use. The Board of Education issued orders to the grade teachers not to encourage pupils to come to the McKinley Manual

Training School, as the building was overcrowded. In spite of this fact the next year's enrollment reached a total of five hundred and forty-three pupils. The number of boys had so increased that three companies of Cadets were formed instead of the two of the previous year, and a separate battalion was organized. The Colonelcy and Lieutenant-Colonelcy were awarded to the two representatives of our school, who competed with candidates from all the High Schools for these honors. We were also successful in athletics, winning the football championship again.

At the end of the fourth year of the school, 1905, Mr. A. I. Gardner resigned his position as Principal, and Dr. G. E. Meyers was appointed to fill the vacancy. This year was also marked by the formation of a debating society which not only went in these new fields as the first representatives in that line from Tech, but which carried off the laurels and won the Inter-High School championship.

Each year has seen our enrollments larger

and each year has proved to be far more successful than the previous ones. We have not only equaled the other High Schools—we have excelled them. In all branches of our study, manual training has proved to be a great help in that it strengthens the sense of responsibility thrown on the student. The actual planning and determining of ways in which to do a thing throws the responsibility of success on the pupil, and thus all his faculties are exercised and strengthened. The McKinley Manual Training School aims to do just these things, and in making the practical application of theories taught its students are made more capable to cope with the problems of life successfully. The value of a diploma from this school is indicated by the records of the recent graduates. Many graduates are filling responsible positions in this city and in others, and the certificate of the school has been accepted from the beginning by the leading colleges in lieu of an entrance examination.

The Faculty

W. S. ALBREITH





DR. G. E. MYERS.

SKETCH OF DR. G. E. MYERS.

Dr. G. E. Myers came to us from Colorado Springs, Colorado, at the beginning of this school year, 1906-'07, and during this one year with us has established a name for himself as Principal of Tech that will bear a high place in the annals of the school. In every undertaking of not only the school, but the Senior Class, Dr. Myers has given his hearty cooperation, and to this fact is due a great portion of our success. He has proven to be quite a phe-

nomena; he is first a hearty football enthusiast, next an ardent supporter of the debating team, then strong in his admiration of baseball, and last, but not least, the Cadets have been of great interest to him. It is just this trait that has proved a blessing; for with this hearty cooperation of our Principal in all phases of our school life it would be useless to predict anything but the success that has come to us.





JOHN W. ADAMS.—Professor J. W. Adams was observed to be industriously working in his "Tech" laboratory. Judging from the serious and deep expression on his face, it seemed as if he was working upon some great invention. Suddenly he was heard to exclaim, "Eureka! Eureka! At last my name shall be great among the world's inventors. I have perfected a model squirt-gun."



LE ROY BIRCH.—Our Mr. Birch—the expert forger—that is, not a criminal, but a blacksmith. Here again, is one of those strange products of nature who was not only destined to hammer the scintillating metal, but to impress mankind as a vocal wonder. What infinite sweetness of tone strikes the ear as he peals out strains of the immortal melody—"And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and die."



LESLIE G. BRUCE.—In "Leslie" we have a ladies' man to perfection, a man who is ever willing to help two charming young maidens, who continually succeed in working him for an "E" each quarter. As for the boys who are unfortunate enough to be in the way, they are politely handed the lemon of inattention. This ever-watchful guardian of "toys" of the physics department can be seen every morning entering the "office" for mail from "unknown sources" with a philosophical countenance which would do credit to Ben. Franklin.

CARRIE J. CHRISTIANSEN.—We deny that ignorance is bliss when we observe Miss Christiansen's blissful countenance. Surely the learned deserve a place of honor in our Year Book, in spite of the fact that many well-known ignorant facts are also to be seen here. Her demeanor would lead us to imagine her from the "Shy Anne" state, but we all know she hails from further west than that. However, all wise men, and women, were not born in the District of Columbia.

ELEANOR M. CALHOUN (Mrs.).—When we come to the name of one very important member of our Faculty, E. M. Calhoun, let every mortal notice that she is a "Mrs." Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," seems to be the motto of our faithful domestic art teacher. Her life has been spent in "sewing" seeds and plowing through heads of uncultivated material, until she has produced, through days of toil, such "crops of seamstresses" as do credit to herself and her school. But here may be added a word to the wise: "Be true to your sewing teacher if you wish her to be true to you."

ELIZABETH W. CROSS.—To Miss Cross, of the Culinary Department of this school, we dedicate this remembrance. It is too true that we are mortals, and mortals have to be fed, so to whom shall we look for aid, except to Miss Cross, who instructs us how to preserve the lives of those we love. The boys as well as the girls have cause to thank her, for who has not tasted the numerous delicacies served at a Cadet supper or a "Tech" lunch? Oh! those sandwiches—what's that? Beg pardon, I have the floor. We take the affirmative side of the proposition:

Resolved, That Miss Cross has found a solution to the servant girl problem!

IDA M. DALY.—Miss Daly, who labors to instil some knowledge of English and "vocabulary" in the almost "finished product" of our school, inspires feelings of awed respect in all who meet her and can not find the genial nature beneath the cool and dignified exterior.



FRANK C. DANIEL.—This is Mr. Daniel, our senior Mathematics teacher. Note his look of resignation; this is a result of his unsuccessful efforts to hush the chatter of the B4 girls. He is famous for his love of mathematics, kindness, general reasonableness, and deserves a high seat of honor in this book for his personal interest and help, which have been an unbounding stimulant to its editors.

S. AMELIA DALTON.—

When school days are ending,
And homeward we are wending,
Remember when going,
This teacher of sewing.

She has a sweet and quiet way that endears her to all the girls, and as for losing her temper, she has never been known to do that, although without a doubt she has had plenty of cause to lose it. Her favorite expression is "excuse me," which is simply a result of the position of honor she holds; for it is she who has the power to excuse the girls from a hard lesson, to go to the matinee or to go on a sick leave. It is needless to say she is a very popular teacher, especially with the feminine sex.

LILLIAN DOHERTY.—When one peeps into the Free Hand Drawing I wonder if he "feels" that "beauty of line" and "harmony of color" that is characteristic in this artistic "den?" Probably we all do, to a certain extent, appreciate this; but do we always stop to consider who has been the power and originator of this

"feeling?" It is no other than Mrs. Doherty, who has polished our school and showed other schools that in some ways we can surpass Corcoran.



MARY O. DEAN.—

Hurrah for school-marm Dean,
Who excels in all sports on the green.
From a, b, c to x, y, z,
Who is so wise as she.

Her words so often given
Shall live when ties are riven.
I'll hear her say when I am old,
"Girls, you'll catch your death of cold."



MARY F. FORBES.—Miss Forbes, the coach of our youthful orators and incidentally an English teacher of no mean ability, is beloved by all who know her for the ease with which she can lose her pedagogical dignity on certain occasions.



FLORA FREYHOLD.—We count it a pleasure, not a duty, to record in our first Year Book a few words of admiration as a tribute to one of our sage and beloved teachers. When it comes to quantity one might find a small deficit about Miss Freyhold, but we are proud of the quality. You know the best goods come in small packages. We cannot say that she believes in eliminating examinations from the school course, but she is known as one of the teachers who only gives examinations when they are absolutely necessary—that is, twice a week for history. We will always remember her, and hope that wherever she goes she will meet with success.

WILHELMINE C. HARTMANN.—Miss Hartmann, "the advocate" of the writing tables (Room XI). Hapless the "miserable sinner" who comes to class unprepared! Her eagle eye, too, searches the innermost depths of one's soul for a grin, when such an article is "persona non grata." But we who *have* been in sackcloth and ashes "before her shrine" point with pride to our teacher's culture. Why, "chillins," she can relate a story, conjugate a 10x15 German verb, keep one eye on the class, converse with a visitor and sip water all at one and the same time! We hope that every pupil who has been so fortunate as to study German (including English, Geography, History, French and the Bible) under this marvelous instructor, has not missed the extreme pleasure of having a "heart-to-heart" talk with her, either at home or school, after school hours. Where is Miss Hartmann's equal? Surely not at Tech, and probably *not in the whole world.*



CLARENCE W. HECOX.—The Captain of the machine shop, athletics and other functions, is one of our interesting specimens. We easily see how the Damon above and the Pythias below have ideas which are much in common. They both call out loud and strong, "We believe in tests, but not in examinations." As a coach in all kinds of athletics, Mr. Hecox has been invaluable, and has been the way and means of bringing many a laurel wreath of victory to this school.

MARGARET B. HILDRETH.—We have to go slowly here, for fear of insulting a stranger with our forced humor (or is it wit?). Mrs. Hildreth is but a lamb in our fold, having taken our lamented Miss Ford's place, so maybe this is her first shearing; then we will do it gently. She has gotten the spirit of "Tech," or rather the spirit (good or bad) has gotten her. Has the gentle reader been in Study Hall, last hour, Friday? If not, *do go* and see our new teacher putting her stern hand and sterner eye on "Tech spirit."

ELMER L. IREY.—This is our young clerk, Elmer IreY, who attempts to dictate to us Seniors, when in reality, if he had not behaved badly during the school year 1903-04 of "Tech" in old C., he would have the honor of graduating with our class. Shame upon you, Elmer.

ALEXIS B. MANY.—Alexis B. (?), an uncertain quantity, a curious mixture of good sense, art, literature and French mannerisms.

The foregoing formula constitutes our impression of our dear, beloved Art instructor. He can, with equal ease, discuss opera, stand on his head, converse with a young lady on 14th street, or hand choice bits of sarcasm to a class of art students on O street. Who can't see in his mind's eye his familiar figure swinging (yes, it's a swing) along 7th street, his artistic hands interlaced ever and anon?



ALLEN J. MARSH.—He lends a helping hand to many a wanderer in fields of unknown chemistry, and by his even and demure way soothes many a troubled spirit. A few small girls who take advantage of him in study hall are his only affliction.



LOUIS W. MATTERN.—“An athlete, a scholar, and a man” may well be said of Uncle Louie. Every student has a warm and large place in his heart for the one whose interest has pushed our athletics to the forefront, and whose personal help in all the work of his pupils not only benefits them in their work, but betters them individually.



LORETTA E. MUCHENHOUP. —Our elongated sandy-complexioned importer of German, an inhabitant of the Mechanical Drawing Department after school. She can speak twenty-three languages, mostly known to herself only. She also points with pride to being the hostess of scores of pink teas and such ladylike diversions. But, reader, do not do her the injustice of limiting her to participation in pink teas, etc. No; she even goes into brutal fights, where some of our teachers stand looking on. Miss Muchenhaupt displayed her rare pugilistic quality, obtained at Vassar, in bringing to close a most sensational fight that occurred at the lunch room. Since then she holds the unchallenged position of "peacemaker."

WALTER OLESON. —Just think how some people can change. This same Mr. Oleson, who is now endeavoring to instruct the small children of our school in mechanical drawing, used to carry a little pop-gun in the Cadets only two years ago. He made us toe the mark, as he was our First Sergeant—and, gee, but that fellow is crazy.



MARY PLANT.—From Minnesota; nevertheless, you have to “show her:” First, that you can say the alphabet backwards with your eyes shut; second, that you have a Macaulay-like memory of Roman numerals. Learn these and you have a paved way to the cheerful smile and happy mood of her who thinks nothing of weather 60 degrees below zero in Minnesota. But, reader, I find I cannot see a grain in a lady’s character which by the utmost polishing with ready-made humor will offer a ridiculous aspect. So to the next victim.



ALBERT B. PIGGOTT.—Have you ever visited the Forge Shops and seen the young man with those golden, frizzly locks? My, but they are pretty—and such a handsome face. This is our Albert Piggott, of Virginia, who graduated from dear old “Tech.” not many years ago. He is just lovely, and such a hero! Just like the ones we read about. Of course, he is engaged to be married. Did you ever read of a hero not being in love? Why, what do you suppose? He moved out by Great Falls. Well, we all think we know, but—



CHARLES W. RIPPEY.—Our friend, Rippey. At last! How things are changing in the Mechanical Drawing Department. One week we have our great Mr. Woodward, then next week a gentleman whom we cannot call small, for he has a great moustache. At present we are wondering what the effect would be upon the Mechanical Drawing Department if the moustache disappeared, as one did in the Physics Department.

PROFESSOR RIVOT.—Probably the man of our Faculty who has lived the most adventurous life has been Monsieur Rivot. Not only has he gained such fame as a teacher of French, but he is a poet and writer as well. The space here is not sufficient to relate of the accomplishments of this man, but any one who is really desirous of hearing a wonderfully thrilling story may apply to the Professor for some of his pamphlets, which he likes to have subscribed for. No teacher could make French more delightful and enjoyable than our own Professor Rivot. We trust that all of Monsieur's future classes will obey his "Silence and Ecoutez", as well as his '07 class at "Tech."



FRANCES SANDERS.—

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour,"

when I was required to write your mathematical experiences with tangents, planes and points. You simply drive me to distraction, when required to analyze your attractions for the principles of Pythagoras and all other nimble mystifiers.

MARY P. SHIPMAN.—Miss Shipman, the energetic exponent of that ethereal something, that elusive reality, or incomprehensible subjectivity which exists so small in our crude

minds. That "Art is a means of union among men" we all admit, but if we were ourselves such ardent disciples of this intangible something we would be "one and inseparable" evermore.

ISABELLA SOLOMONS.—With supernatural patience and endurance she rules over her domain with only now and then "Girls, please stop talking," echoing through the room. She is loved by all the girls, playing the role of the admired rather than the admirer.

J. EARNEST SMITH.—Ladies and gentlemen, this is a new teacher in electricity who has taken Mr. Towne's place. Of course, not having seen Mr. Smith, who, by the way, belongs to that famous family, we have only one thing to ask him at present. Please do not talk so fast. It makes us listen too attentively.



GEORGE W. SUNDERLAND.—That this school is a prodigy is beyond dispute, but one more leaf is to be added to our crown of laurels in the happy combination of musician and machinist. Has he learned this art of transporting us to Elysium from "*The harmony of the spheres*," or the sighing and the snapping of straps? No, probably this esthetic is inborn, or that is what one thinks as he sees the swaying of that mighty frame and little ebon rod drawing forth harmonious chords that thrill us with rapture.



WILLIS L. TOWNE.—At last Mr. Towne has not left town, but he has left us. We all feel as if a death has occurred in our Electric Lab., which, to be sure, several coils of insulation have experienced. Mr. Towne is now employed in the Geological Survey.



FREDERICK A. WEIHE.—Next to our French professor comes "Doc" Weihe. The Doctor, after years of romantic life and thrilling experiences, has finally settled here to live the rest of his days expounding and relating to us his many adventures as best he can in English. One cannot fail to recognize his stern countenance, his erect pompadour and artistically arranged moustache, which tends to bring out his pedagogical appearance.



HARRY B. WHITE.—One of our teachers with a double personality—he is married; therefore, he is a very quiet man, tractable and makes very little disturbance. He has a patient air of an "At-the-mercy-of-the-current" suburbanite. From such a man it is an honor to get a "D;" but ambition is a loathed thing. For further information ask the young ladies who take wood turning; pardon me, "bench work."

MARIAN WHITE.—We find in Miss White an ambitious, persevering teacher, who, after her long spell of sickness, is now endeavoring to do all in her power to lend a "helping hand" to the girls, so that they can prepare themselves to cross that bridge which lands so many of them into the region of domestic life. Miss White has made our course at "Tech." very valuable, and it is to her that we owe more than we can realize.

W. H. WOLVERTON.—Mr. Wolverton as a teacher, lawyer and a man leaves little to be desired. But we do wonder sometimes, as we listen to his flow of Southern eloquence, or catch a fleeting glimpse of him in the corridor—just sometimes, you know—we wonder if he will ever grow up.

HARRY S. WHITBECK.—In Mr. Whitbeck we notice that there is a very dark background to his life, and the main events are too deep to be revealed. Let us not think of this, but only regard the mortal as he appears to those of his "Den" on O street. He makes his pupils work very slowly and deliberately, until they often become despondent and give up in despair. Then when they are on the brink of despondency he pulls them back with the old saying (of much value): "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Class of 1907



VIRTUTE ET OPERE



JAMES R. ADAMS

*"God made him, and therefore
let him pass for a man."*

—Shakespeare.

Now, Jimmy, I won't let those nasty boys say anything mean about such a perfect little darling; no, indeed, I won't. You are a *dear, dear* little boy—you ask all the girl teachers if you aren't. Someone whispers something about "Mollycoddle," but, James, dear, show them your "T" and ask them where's theirs, and then say: "So, there, now!"



MALCOLM C. AUERBACH

Captain, Co. K; Year Book Staff; President of Debating Society; Class Prophet of B4; "Chief Rooter."

*"He had a way of saying
things*

*That made one think of
courts and queens."*

—Longfellow.

"M^{AC}" is the idol (idle) of our hearts. With great concern we notice his devotion to the study of books (?) as well as to the feminine sex. The first pursues him from nine until two, the lunch period excepted. The other he pursues and is pursued by at all times. The chase often leads to Central. Besides being a soldier of rare ability he is also an orator, but perhaps his greatest work is a book, which he will soon publish, entitled "How to Pass in English Without a Pony." With the experience he has had in that line no doubt the book will be a great success.

SELIG C. BREZ

*"The prettiest little ape
That ever affronted human
shape."*—Browning.



ESTHER BROCK
Year Book Staff.

*"A countenance in which did
meet sweet records, prom-
ises as sweet."*

"RESOLVED, That laziness is the mother of invention." Here is a proof by example. He invented that limp, glide, and hobble walk, for which he is envied by the whole school. He originated the banana peel scheme for drawing customers to his father's store. If nothing happens, he may invent an easy way to get lessons.

ESTHER, "Old Scout," Miss Brock, take your choice—has made a name for herself as a *literatuer*. Her favorite is Milton. One can readily believe this at lunch time, when, with an implied, if not an expressed, "Hence loathed melancholy," she keeps the girls roaring over reproductions from Chase's or the newest jokes. May she have success at Pratt.



ETHEL G. BRODIE

*"In maiden meditation fancy
free."*—Shakespeare.

SHE has made herself famous for her jokes at any time or place, and can produce half a dozen on any subject given her. She hopes to be transported, some day, to that land where "the ripe bananas grow." She will be sadly missed by all her classmates, who ever look forward to her coming among them.



MARSHALL M. BRYARLY

"French," sometimes "Y ish,"
Quartermaster, 3d Battalion;
rank of First Lieutenant.

"I am nothing if not critical."
—Shakespeare.

YES, that's our Q. M.—sometimes known as "French Briarly," because he is a disciple of a French briar pipe. Some say he may be seen on duty occasionally, but we have seldom had the pleasure of hearing his sonorous voice in an official capacity. It is said he takes care of the guns, and the question arises if it has ever been necessary for him to tend the big ones—the *little* big guns around school.



A. G. BUEHLER

*"He's a man of an excellent
understanding."*
—Goldsmith.

A. G. BUEHLER, a student of large *understanding*. His insatiable thirst for knowledge has been the source of deepest joy (?) to his instructors. It is not an infrequent sight to see him literally devouring a few pages of German. His recent exploits in the diamond have also excited the deepest wonder and admiration of his classmates. We trust the corral will be large enough to hold him.



MABEL BYER

THIS is that young lady who has been termed the "Belle of the Southwest," otherwise known as Mabel Byer. She forms one-half of those inseparable twins; for, where little Grace is, Mabel must be by 'er.



MYRLE CAMERON

Year Book Staff; Faculty
Editor of "Hand and Mind;"
Basket Ball Team; Critic
Debating Society.

*"When she will, she will, and
there is an end on't."*



JOHN J. CANTWELL

*"Vessels large may venture
more,
But little ships should keep
near shore."*

WHAT a wonderful person she is. Just mention Miss Cameron, and immediately the air becomes filled with the offices she holds, the honors she has won, and the E's that have surmounted her. Wherever there is prospect of a good time, you are sure to find her around, just the same. As for using her eyes to advantage, she cannot be excelled.

BEAUTY before age, Johnnie! You take the cake. Some day, when you can pitch like that cousin of yours, he will be proud to say: "He's a cousin of mine." You will win more games, we hope, by your looks than by your ability as a twirler.



RAYMOND W. CHARLTON
Major, 3d Battalion; Editor-
in-Chief "Hand and Mind."

*"He is a soldier, fit to stand
by Cæsar and give direc-
tions."*

WHAT is this we have before us? Ah-a-a! It's a "Ray." Is "Ray a Major? Yes; he is a noble Major. Is "Ray" an editor? Indeed, he is;—at least, his name has been published at the head of the *Hand and Mind* staff. Is "Ray" a "heart breaker?" Ah, now you are getting a little personal. Those frequent visits to Harper's Ferry bear no especial significance upon the Major's attempts in this line. He needed the mountain air for his health's sake. He told us so himself.



RUTH B. COOPER

*"Her voice was ever soft, gen-
tle and low, an excellent
thing in woman."*
—Shakespeare.

WE admire her for her quiet manner, gentle voice, and pleasant smile. One of Ruth's many virtues is that she attends strictly to her own affairs.



EDWARD B. CORNING

First Sergeant, Co. K.

*"Small stature — ambition
large."*

FROM the sloping farms and verdant pastures of Virginia he comes. It is a Corning.

The name itself suggests a peaceful life and waving fields. Like Burns, he is a poet, and doubtless spends his spare time in wandering over hill and dale in a halo of imagination. He loves his books, but, like a poet, does not strive for worldly pomp and glory by delving too deeply between their covers. He often, however, shows himself to be the wit of the English class, and occasionally the ragtime musician of the school. Some day you will say proudly: "Ah, yes! Corning was a classmate of mine."



ELSIE J. CUNNINGHAM

Sigma Delta Phi.

Class Secretary; Year Book Staff.

*"She doth possess a loveliness
without a name,
Not of degree but more of
kind."—Longfellow.*

ELSIE is blest with a bountiful supply of common sense along with other virtues.

She drew her plum from the class pie under the name of Secretary, and as usual has filled her office most successfully. She has ambitions to be an architect, and no doubt that's what she will be, for if she sets her mind to do a thing she usually does it.



GEORGE M. DAVIS
Manager of Tennis Team.

*"He is a docile, amiable boy,
of fair abilities, but sensi-
tive and shy."*

IN the year 1887 there came to this city, in the form of an infant, our great ark and tugboat designer, George M. Davis. He is a handsome fellow, with a very angelic countenance, and is much given to the use of the expression "sugar." His ambition leans toward a flat in "Phillia," with an ideal library.



OCTAVE DE CARRE
Tech Crew.

*"Created rather to look upon
than listen to."*

ONE of those people that one can't tell whether they think a lot or don't think at all. Well guarded in all his acts to such an extent that he has remained a mystery. He is lazy and energetic by fits, and so wears these two moods together that no one has been able to tell which is the strongest, but it is safe to say that any unnecessary exertion is against his principles. He well might say, "I have kept one secret in the course of my life. I am a bashful man. Nobody would suppose it, nobody every does suppose it, but I am naturally a bashful man."



THOMAS J. DORAN

Omega Gamma Delta.

Foot Ball Team; Year Book Staff; "Hand and Mind" Staff; Substitute Teacher in Copper Shop.

"What man dares, I dare."

—Shakespeare.



REUBEN R. DUFFIE

First Lieutenant, Co. K.

"Behold! My beard had grown into my lap while I slept."

BROAD-MINDED (to a fault), cheerful, hilarious to the rough-house point, sometimes sarcastic to a degree above zero; popular with girls and boys,—oh, yes! and teachers—that's Tom. What more's to be said of him? He's big enough to see, loud enough to hear, and, furthermore, still at large.

O H! Look whose here, Lieutenant "R. R." as I live. The five-inch smile does not happen to be much in evidence, neither does the villainous effect of the raven-black hair; but what of that? We have all seen "Reub." often enough to know him.

That he is a soldier of more than ordinary ability no one will deny, as he serves in the dual capacity of Co. K's best First Lieutenant and one of the D. C. N. G.'s most noted recruiting officers.



LYDIA M. FOOTE

*"As flies the shadow of a
bird, she fled."*

MISS MARIE FOOTE is a member of the graduating class of 1906-'07, who was obliged to discontinue this year after Christmas. She was an exceedingly bright girl, well read, and a brilliant conversationalist, beloved by the entire student body, and one in particular. She aspired to be an instructor in Domestic Science. Whether she will prepare for this at the Normal School or not, we cannot say; but wherever she goes we hope that she will be successful, and know that she will do great credit to the class to which she belonged.



ANNIE LULU GIBBS

*"A maiden never bold of spirit,
so still and quiet."—Shakes-
peare.*

SHE would impress one as the substantial girl of the class, mentally, morally and physically. When very young she attended a school taught by her father in Mississippi. Later, a pale little girl bearing her cognomen lived in Washington. When she moved to Maryland a certain boy used to protect her mud pies; since which time she has outgrown the pies. Her forte is millinery now; and one frequently hears, "Gibbie, show me how."

ROBERT L. GLASS

"There was a man in our town and he was wondrous wise."



ALEXANDER G. HAMILTON

Year Book Staff, "Hand and Mind" Staff.

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Three

ONE of the mathematicians of B4, otherwise known as "Plain Glass." Bob makes a specialty of keeping the same machine-shop exercise in his hand the year around, and consequently has trouble of his own in Mr. Hecox's little office. Glass is so easy to see through one can almost tell what he is going to say before he speaks, except in English, where Bob acts the part of the Spectator.

WHO did you say, Alexander Hamilton? No, just Mr. Hamilton, the artist of fame throughout the world, and man of various abilities. He ranges through art and science, logic and many other things. Recently he has shown his talent as a "rubber-neck wagon" announcer. Listen: "Upon my right is a pool room where many Techites go swimming." And there were some more just as bad. He is also a Rough Rider, but differs from the general class by using a freight car instead of a horse. Ask him about that trip from New York.

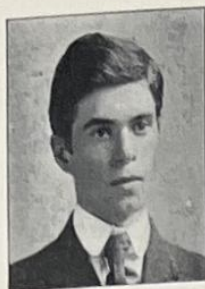


RAYMOND SAGAR HART

*Alpha Delta Sigma,
Captain, Co. D.*

*"It will discourse most eloquent
music."—Shakespeare.*

CAPTAIN HART? Why, yes, that's that tall, "dignified" officer near the corner. Know him? Don't? Well, he doesn't have much to say, but he gets there just the same. Orders? Oh, yes, he is connected with orders in many ways. He is a member of a Greek Letter Society, and I have been told that he is going to join the "Masons" some day, if—. All this affinity for orders may have been developed in the Cadets. You can hear him most any day giving them out gratis to a number of obedient subordinates on Rhode Island Avenue. Yes, Ray is a great boy.



EARL Y. HENDERSON

"He ever did his duty."

THE scholar of A4. Learned alike in all branches of literature and science, he can discuss with appalling display of facts the Siege of Troy or a question in analytic geometry. But, wonder of wonders! He is also a sportsman! and loves to be capsized in a canoe or biffed in the eye with a tennis ball, as well as the next one! Would you believe it—and with that bunch of knowledge? But it's true.



RICHARD W. HICKMAN, JR

Alpha Delta Sigma
Manager of "Hand and Mind,"
Year Book, and Base Ball
and General Business Man
of '07.

*"A develish good fellow, al-
ways ready to make him-
self generally useful."*



MILLARD B. HODGSON

Second Lieutenant, Co. D;
Class Prophet, A4.

*"A handsome, study, manly,
independent youth."*

MANAGER of *Hand and Mind*, Manager of *Year Book*, Manager of Baseball Team, and how, in the name of all that's studious, does he manage to pass? We can't say, for, like all truly great men, our frivolous "Hick" has one or two peccadilloes. (The attention of all is requested to this word.) Imbued with the spirit of his creditors for class-pins, Year Books, etc., he sometimes forgets to pass in a paper, or *sometimes* to prepare a lesson. But what's that? He's Hick!

"HAD a little curl right in the middle of his forehead, and when he was good he was very, very good, and when he was bad —," but he never was bad. He is always as good as he is pretty, and as studious as he is steady, and everyone knows that he is steady as, let us say, a stone that never rolls. Second only to his ability to be useful are his prophetic powers. "Breathes there a man" who doubts the truth of the class prophecy or the unfailing foresight of the prophet?



RALPH W. HOWELL

Regimental Adjutant; Editor
of Year Book; "Hand and
Mind" Staff; Debating
Team; Tech Crew.

*"With many a social virtue
grand, and yet a friend of
solitude."*—Longfellow.



HENRY W. JAEGER

Year Book Staff; Tech Chorus.

*"There's mischief in this
man."*

A 4's shining light, Regimental Adjutant, *Hand and Mind* Editor of School Notes and Exchange, Chairman of Board of Year Book Editors, Champion Debater, member of crew, etc. And all that concealed in that innocent looking lad. Is author of, and furthermore believes in, several good theories: "That bad spelling is foolish," and trusting to the old saying, 'Eenie, meanie, minie, mo,' when it comes to going to a dance.

Is this the portrait of Edmund Burke? or, Hen. Jaeger, he of the cultivated voice. To possibly, Patrick Henry? No! It's Jaeger, hear him talk in English and guess in math. one would imagine he actually had sense, while to hear him sing! Why, it would bring forth tears from the eyes of potatoes to hear him.



HERBERT L. KENGLA

"My son, seek thou wisdom."

WE now gaze upon a likeness of Mr. H. L. Kengla, a member of B4, who has tried without success various acids, including boiling aqua regia, to clear the weeds from his chin. He has a good scholarship record, and would shine like a diamond on the athletic field; but Papa will not permit it.



GEORGE A. KING

"A man who could find comfort and occupation in his books."

KING? Yes! Of what? Why, of B4. I understand he is also King of Hearts—his own and—; but, perhaps, you had better ask him.



THOMAS S. KLINGER
First Sergeant, Co. C.

"A most unpretentious man."

"KLINE" KLINGER, modest but ambitious, has been our companion for four years, and is always giving us surprises. One day in class he gives us a recitation burdened with philosophy. Chancing into the yard the same day, who does one see but this young man hurling himself at the football dummy. Next he writes a paper voted by the class five to be the best, and a few days later we see him in baseball "togs" ready to act as substitute if needed. His next metamorphosis will probably be from a High School Cadet to one of the Revenue Cutter Service.



BENOIT L. LEGER

"He is a dreamer—let us leave him."—Longfellow.

HATS off to Bub. With that meek and scholarly mien he will command nothing but respect. He is charitable in his efforts to teach his teacher; but to date these efforts have been failures. Bub, to succeed, you should grow a little, improve your voice, become a little less foolish, and not waste so much time with the curling-iron.



JAMES C. MARR

*"He hath indeed better bet-
tered expectations."*

—Shakespeare.

OUR Marr has never risen to such dizzy heights in school life as some have, but there is more in this gentle, quiet lad, when we consider that "actions speak louder than words," than we before realized. Though he is an amiable, unassuming fellow, who has gone through school without much fuss, we find he has a town named in his honor, and, even if it is in Maryland, such is a distinction that few of us possess.



JOY H. MARSTON

Sigma Delta Phi.

Year Book Staff; Basket Ball
Team.

*"A daughter of the gods, di-
vinely tall and most divinely
fair."*

IT is said that the best goods come in small packages, but we must disagree, for Joy contradicts this both in quantity and quality. A tall, prepossessing blonde with a wonderful smile is she, who knows how, when the occasion demands, to be the most sarcastic and disdainful Miss.



HOWARD P. MICHENER

Second Lieutenant, Co. D;
Year Book Staff.

AN uncertain quantity with an observing air. Few things escape the notice of this young man's penetrating glance. His head we fear would wear his poor neck out, were he to have another year in which to walk to school. Lately he has developed a marvelous interest in baseball, especially in games played by the Western team. P. S.—Is his interest in *baseball*, after all?



GEORGE E. MIDDLETON

Year Book Staff; Debating
Team; Class Historian.

*"He was a scholar, and a ripe
and good one, exceeding wise,
fair spoken and persuad-
ing."*—Shakespeare.

How deceiving one's initials are. Middleton as an orator is the best ever put out by any High School. His deep, philosophical reasoning has never been surpassed, and as a poet and historian his ability is beyond estimation. His only fault is that he will get the mumps; but we forgive him for this when we remember how he surely can spiel.



MARY M. MOSS

Sigma Delta Phi.

Year Book Staff.

*"Like to sunshine in a shady
place."—Spencer.*



HAROLD A. MOORES

First Lieutenant, Co. C; Class
Poet.

*"A poet too was there whose
verse was tender, musical
and terse."—Longfellow.*

A DEAR, dainty, little creature she seems to be, but, oh! What a power there is in that small body for making friends and keeping them. Her conquests in this line have not only extended to some members of the faculty, but have even penetrated into the ranks of the cadets—those impregnable strongholds—and as a result a noble officer is a willing captive to her charms.

H. A. M. An entirely new brand discovered at last. Guaranteed to be absolutely devoid of all fat. Bred and fed in Takoma. Noted for his insatiable appetite for Biens and Gamets. May be seen — any old place.



VIOLA E. NEAL

Sigma Delta Phi.

Board of Editors Year Book,
First Assistant Editor
"Hand and Mind."

*"Age cannot wither her, nor
custom stale her infinite va-
riety."*—Shakespeare.

A PLEASANT word, a hearty laugh, and she's gone—that's Vi. She is the girl that *does* things at "Tech." We have one great fault to find with her, though, and that is, no matter how hard we try, we can never get her to say *one single* word.



JULIA M. PAGE

*"A little lady with golden
hair."*—Longfellow.

Is it possible that our Julia hails from the same city and State as our prominent debater? We have heard that she is very proud of this fact. Does she expect to become an arguer like him? No, not Julia; for we judge from present conditions that she might keep in touch with Rochester, but it will be through a different source.



JOHN W. PALMER

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

JOHN "SOLOMON" PALMER, the comedian of B4, is world-renowned for his smile and funny expressions. John became famous for his wonderful and lengthy quotation from Bacon, when he said, "So saith Solomon," and thus got stage-struck. John has recently invented, on paper, a beautiful model of a gas engine, but we hope that he will not put it into practical use, for if he does we fear the outcome would be disastrous to "Johnnie."



DORAN S. PLATT

*Alpha Delta Sigma
Base Ball Team.*

*"And all men love him for his
modest grace and comeliness
of figure and of face."*

—Longfellow.

THERE are some individuals in our midst who possess such a vast amount of accomplishments that it would be difficult to select any one as typical. Such a person is Platt. Not only is he a ball player of note, and of which we are all proud, but he has an equally well developed attribute not as well known, but fully as important. We refer to his ability to fascinate the fair creatures of the opposite sex. In his home town he has acquired quite a reputation in this line which, were it known to his Tech. friends, would convince them that the most quiet and unassuming individuals may be guilty of the worst.

GEORGE F. PUSHAW

Alpha Delta Sigma.

Second Lieutenant, Co. K; Ad-
vertising Manager Year
Book; Debating Team.

*"Alas, no sea I find as troubled
as a lover's mind."*

WHEN Fred's beaming face first graced our school he immediately commenced operations on his interesting booklet, "I Have Met the Ladies and They Are Mine," to which he has made such elaborate additions from time to time. Not satisfied with his accomplishments in this line, he has had the nerve to make the championship debating team, to earn a pair of Lieutenant's straps for Co. K's glory, to win brief but enviable laurels on the gridiron,—oh, but what's the use of trying to enumerate a great man's achievements. We are proud of our Freddy, and only stop for lack of space.



BERTHA PUTNAM

*"A maiden of our century, yet
most meek."*

AN artist would paint Bertha in harmonious shades of quiet, subdued browns. She was born across the Eastern Branch, and has lived between there and Saint Elizabeth's ever since, with the exception of a Summer or two spent in Massachusetts. Her dolls always had their hair ribbons tied "just so." This trait has followed her in school to such an extent that Miss Putnam's teachers will agree that "bluffing" is against her nature.



HENRIETTA M. RAY

Sigma Delta Phi.

Basket Ball Team.

*"The very pattern girl of girls,
all covered and embowered
with curls."—Longfellow.*

A SWISH of silks, a glimpse of color, a flash of jewels and a sweet, subtle perfume approaches and we see her as she haughtily flings her curl across her shoulder and disappears, a flashy ray, indeed.



JAMES E. REDMAN

Captain, Co. C.

*"So faithful in love and so
dauntless in war."—Scott.*

PAUSE and look at Reddie. You see a layer of buoyancy, comradeship and fun spread deeply, but not too deeply to prevent an occasional glimpse of the spirit of independence and determination underneath. As occasion demands, the most submissive of the most independent of Indians.



WILLIAM H. RICHARDS

Foot Ball Team.

*"A likely lad, a fine lad, a gay,
good-humored, clever lad."*

HERE is our commutor, William, the huge Virginian. With propensities simian and spirit hilarious he whiles away the idle hours. Chronicles are his forte and war is his friend; for nothing pleases him so much as to read of a good fight.



STANLEY B. SAFFORD

*"I am much too gentle—have
not used my power."*

HERE is that energetic and learned young man who resides on that gentle slope at the head of Seventh Street. It has often been said that he has stayed up very late studying his lessons for the next day. How foolish, Mr. Safford!



GRACE A. SCHNEIDER

Sigma Delta Phi.

Vice President of Class; Year
Book Staff; Social Editor
"Hand and Mind" Staff.

*"And she is fair, and fairer
than that word, possessed of
wondrous virtues."*

—Longfellow.

BEFORE you's a cute girl named Schneider,
Who's not as tall as she's wider.
Wherever she goes
The likely young beaux
Strive always to get close beside her.



GEORGE J. SCHLADT

*"I'm small and somewhat
tame."*

AND now we see our friend, Mr. Schladt,
who seems to love solitude. He never
speaks in class and very seldom out of it.
In fact, he seems shy of the courage necessary
to reply in answer to the teacher's questions,
but it is hinted he can run.

WILLIAM E. SEIFRIZ

Valedictorian; Year Book
Staff; Debating Team; Cap-
tain, Tennis Team.

*"And still we gazed and still
the wonder grew,
That one small head could
carry all he knew."*

—Goldsmith.

THE Daniel Webster, Calhoun and Tilman of B4, and the student with the best scholarship record for four years, the authority on "Minneapolis milliners and anything and everything. Already he has developed the student's stoop, but nothing has yet had the effect of giving him the big head.



SATOSHI SHUTOW

*"I am a stranger here, within
a foreign land."*

THIS philosopher was born in Japan some time ago. He spent his youth fishing for crabs and talking social economics with the Emperor. In other words, his recondite disquisitions and inimitable ratiocinations approach to the state of supererogation.



WALTER S. SIMPSON

"Speech is silver, silence is gold."



CHARLES E. SLOANE

"All is not gold that glitters."

AT LAST Heinz's 58th variety has been found and, like the other 57, he is a conundrum. Ask the teachers. Ask Mr. Hecox, of Machine Shop renown; ask Mr. Daniels. What will they say? Nothing; they can't. They don't know. Neither do I; neither do you; neither does anyone. Even Simpson can't find a formulae for himself.

SPORTSMAN (who doesn't remember his modish "coachman" overcoat) and all-around athlete. Basket-ball enthusiast and our greatest pugilist. In the Summer he practices punching *conos*. He is an authority on all athletic and pugilistic matters, and although he sounds fierce and tries to look so, he is perfectly harmless; in fact, he is President of the "Society for the Prevention of Lemon-giving to Students," of which Mr. Leon Smith is treasurer.



JAY BOND SMITH

Year Book Staff: Class Treasurer.

"A youth, light hearted and content, he wanders through the world."—Browning.

IT was said "Let there be a J. B. Smith," and there was one. After showing symptoms of maturity at the age of infinity it was again said, "Let there be long trousers put on him," and it was "doneth." As a comedian and "joker" he rules supreme, and has received several medals from Puck and Judge periodicals for such sayings that my great-great-grandfather was familiar with. Still he lives! Member of the Lemon Club. (Initiated by Jaeger.

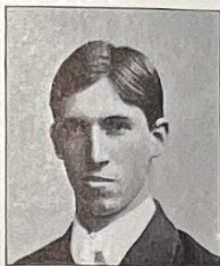


LEON N. C. SMITH

Member of the Tennis Club.
(Initiated by Jaeger.)

"He wears the rose of youth upon him."—Shakespeare.

THE financier of our class hails from Middlebury, Vermont, where in early youth he solved the problem, "One cent can double itself at six per cent. in sixteen years." We have not been able with the closest scrutiny to find whether his affinity is himself, his pocketbook or a certain Miss C.



SONTAG

*"My tongue within my lisp
I'll rein, for who talks much
must talk in vain."*



ETHELYN STARKWEATHER

*"A full, rich nature, free to
trust, trustful and almost
sternly just."—Whittier.*

FORGET it! What is it this time, Sontag? My, but B. H. S. must be several hundred miles from room 10, and the distance from Chemistry Lab to an English recitation is inconceivable. Those fits of absentmindedness are wonderful. Are you in love? What's that, forgot something else? What? Your hat? Wake up, Sontag!

SUCH independence! Refuses to go to Normal School? Why this change? we ask. Does Ethelyn intend to put into practice the knowledge obtained in the Domestic Science Department, or is she tired of the long rides to and from home each day? Well, we don't blame her.



DANIEL N. SWAN
First Lieutenant, Co. D.

A GOOD-LOOKING soldier, but absolutely harmless," Ignorant (?), but willing to work. He keeps his thoughts in the roots of his hair and digs for them when excited.



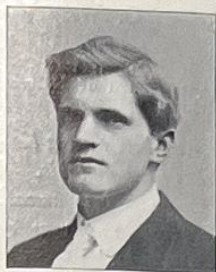
CLAUDE M. THIELE
Alpha Delta Sigma

Colonel, Cadet Regiment;
Year Book Staff; "Hand and
Mind" Staff; Captain, Foot
Ball Team.

*"His name is great in mouths
of wisest censure."*

—Shakespeare.

COLONEL CLAUDE M. THIELE, soldier, student, statesman, athlete and professional heart-breaker. Any more? Claude has won renown by the bucketful and is ever ready for new conquests. He is a bright, smiling, little blue-eyed lad, and has many cute and winsome ways. He has developed a great propensity of giving dances and going in a hole over them, also of lingering in the corridors after 2 o'clock. The Colonel is a true soldier, and drinks his soda water like a man, but he has never been known to refuse it when it was —, well, THAT'S ALL.



HENRY THOMPSON

"Much can be made of a Scotchman if he is caught young."



STEPHEN R. TRUESDELL

"A moral, sensible, well-bred man."

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EVIDENTLY, there is a woman in the case, for Tommy never smiles, but like all true poets shows his affections through little scraps of poetry. Yes, Tommy, you are shaped for a poet, so someone in B4 thinks. Keep on, and amid the business life of the great city of Landover you will some day be a Quaker Oats ad. and wear "the smile that won't come off."

A PAIR of eye-glasses, a blue-and-white hat-band, a *mass* of curly locks, a bundle of catalogues, and—oh, pshaw! It's Truesdell! We feign would believe he's from Boston, but he hails from Bluemont, Va., where probably his layman taste for crude jokes and humor was acquired 'mongst the mountain wilds.



PRESCOTT S. TUCKER

*"Much I know, but to know
all is my ambition."*

A BLASE" gentleman, who believes in the old adage of calling a spade a spade; diligent both in class and out, but, unlike some such, can see a joke even when "a la Leon," and add his merry "Hee-Hee" to the rest. But, Tucker, law, why so cruel to the ladies? Why so nonchalant, pray? Mayhap thou are tender in, or mayhap there's _____? Who knows?



EUGENE C. WANN

Omega Gamma Delta

President of Class; Battalion
Adjutant; Board of Editors,
Year Book.

*"Bless you, there's not a bit of
him that's not amiable. So
you may judge how amiable
he is by running your eye
over his height."*

THIS is not the picture of the winner of the beauty contest (far from it), but our "dear" President. The worried look on his face is not caused by family troubles, as some might think, but by the many cares of his Class of '07. He was born somewhere in the past, is six feet, two, and is an authority on rings.

MAY E. WEIRICK

Year Book Staff; Basket Ball Team (Captain).

"Afflicted with that great vice—good nature."

"YOU can't beat the Dutch," not even at basket-ball. A mighty and strenuous player is she, and many a game has been won by her skillful playing. She always wears a smile as if she had just left a feast of "sauer-kraut and frankfurters," and her good nature and jovial disposition are unfailing.

CHARLES S. WILSON

Football Team; Manager Tech Crew.

"He doth bstride the narrow world like a Colossus."

—Shakespeare.



WE have often heard of the theory of the fourth dimension, but Mr. Wilson has but one of these,—that is, width. Cupid, he is called by his loving classmates. Now, imagine Wilson as a Cupid, with a pair of big understandings surmounted by a pair of rimless glasses. Thus is Charles.



MARY ELIZABETH WRIGHT.

Sigma Delta Phi.
Year Book Staff.

*"A girl who has so many will-
ful ways,
She would have caused Job's
patience to forsake him.
Yet is so rich in all that's girl-
hood's praise,
That did Job himself on her
goodness gaze,
A little better she would make
him."*

LAUGHING, chaffing lips, mighty kindly heart,
sweet and piquant face—that's our Bess.
Of course, she's a few other things,—as
coquette, heartbreaker and a "Heavenly (?)
Twin." Altogether, Tech. would not be Tech
and B4 certainly would not be, before all others,
without her.



CLASS HISTORY, 1907

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WE are, above all things, very modest. We do not believe in lauding our own achievements nor in presenting ourselves with the *Lauris nobilis*; but, nevertheless, our inherent sense of justice compels us to observe that the Class of 1907 is—well, a pretty respectable aggregation. And as we cast a fleeting glance over our left shoulder in our strenuous game with Father Time, we are forced to admit, in spite of our modest natures, that we cannot recall any class—well, any class just quite as good and as famous and as adept at riding the Liliputian horse as nineteen-seven. Then, turning astrologist for a time and peering into the obscurity and opaqueness of the near and distant future, our conviction is doubly strengthened, and we are assured that the most illustrious class of this school has been, or is to be, will be, graduated June 13, 1907, at 4:30 o'clock p. m.—in the afternoon. But, as we have remarked, we are essentially modest and eschew self-praise.

September, 1903, is an important date in American history. It was at that time that this

wonderful class, destined in after years to ruin the disposition of many a poor teacher, and turn his hair gray, first assembled. It was then that we huddled and clustered for the first time around our dear old Alma Mater and the telegraph pole on the corner, waiting in all our verdant freshness and simplicity for whatever might happen. But, strange to say, it didn't happen; a thing which, so far as we are aware, is wholly without precedent in all the annals of scholastic history; and, in fact, altho we may have been sheepish in appearance, yet the wolf must have gleamed in our eyes; for—we were not roughed! ('08 can't say as much!) The haughty upper class men held aloof in all their haughtiness and let us severely alone. And so, from the very first, the spirit of nineteen-seven was abroad, and every wearer of the octagonal class-pin should feel a classic pride in this unprecedented start.

Yes, from the very beginning nineteen-seven manifested its individuality; Tech not being able to contain us at 7th street and Rhode Island we were allotted class rooms down in "Dear

Old Central," but "Dear Old Central," we believe, would have been better pleased had we stayed at home. It was in this wise: We played some pranks on her in boyish glee, and, she having an impediment in her sense of humor, sought to retaliate by calling us "Muckers," an appellation which did not at all conform with our own ideas. A few airy altercations ensued, but, true to their nature, they soon blew over. Nuf ced!

The year, however, as a whole, passed off quietly enough, and we cannot recall any unusual occurrences which happened, except that one or two of us attended an occasional matinee (a thing very unusual in such a bright class) and skipped an occasional study hall (something very rare in such a *good* class). But all the time we were assimilating knowledge, storing our cerebrum with material for future use, and being initiated into the mysteries of life. We learned, among other things, that the principal function of a study hall is to teach silence; that when one is due in the aforementioned study hall and does not show up, that there is something doing; that it is not safe to put one's trust or one's valua-

bles in a combination locker; and that it does not pay to be tardy—that is, unless the cars are late, and it is remarkable how often those cars were tied up.

The next year we again assembled on the dear old curb, and leaned once more upon the beloved old telegraph-pole; this time not as frivolous Freshmen, but as wise and sophisticated Sophomores (unusual, but nevertheless true), and altho we had a full sense of our own exalted position, and were well aware of the proper demeanor pertaining thereto, yet we were not so dignified as the staid old Juniors and Seniors, and amused ourselves generally by persecuting the Freshies. (Poor babies; did we tweek 'ou wuff?) One circumstance, however, brought tears to our eyes. Many familiar faces of the previous year were missing; those dear to our hearts who had loafed much and flunked more, had overcome their fondness for the matinee, and so had decided to take no chances. There was Lingle the Lanky, who was good-natured enough, but who holds the High School record for straight D's—he was gone; and then there was good old Jordan; he, too, was rolling down some other channel and

did not turn up. Many others besides there were whose memories in our hearts will ever be green, but whose names we have forgotten, for whom we searched in vain on that sad occasion. Our fun with the Freshies, however, somewhat alleviated our grief, and so leaving the dead to bury their dead, we started in with a determination to make this second year as pleasant a one for ourselves and the faculty as the preceding had been.

We think we did.

It was this year that the powers that be, thinking the quarterly post-mortems not well enough attended, conspired to add one more torture to the misery of the poor student, and instituted orthography. There were only two consolations for us: First, that we had missed one year of it, and, second, that henceforth forever more all succeeding classes would have to endure four.

Our third year was not so hilarious as it might have been; but this may be accounted for in two ways: First, that we were preparing for our grand finale as Seniors and were still—as that appalling silence which precedes

the cyclone; and, second, that we were studying Burke.

It was in our Junior year, too, that we held our first class meeting, a meeting which, true to the nature of all nineteen-seven meetings following, was dignified and quiet. In fact, our gatherings have always been very orderly, when Dr. Meyers was presiding, and it is something to be proud of that not more than twenty-five persons have ever attempted to claim the floor and express their opinions at the same time. The gavel indeed has proved itself mightier than the lung.

In the battalion that year, nineteen-seven again showed its strength, and three commissions besides the three First Sergeantcies went to men of our class, while in our Senior year the highest undergraduate officer was a First Sergeant, and he was only one.

But, adhering to the rules of climax, we have left the most startling incident of the year till the last. It was this: William E—, our brilliant valedictorian, got an "F."

However, it was as Seniors that the power and the glory forever came our way and covered us, and as Seniors will we be thought of and re-

membered in the years to come—when we're all dead and forgotten. Our undergraduate years, altho eventful enough in themselves, were completely eclipsed and outdone by the brilliancy of our Seniority, and were but the training for a glorious finish. Yes, our last year was our brightest, and full well did we anticipate this when, with a realization of our own dignity and magnitude, we assembled for the fourth and final time upon the dear old green (five and one-half square yards) and shunning the base degrees whereby we did ascend, gazed with superior indifference upon the antics of the Sophs. Little did we care for frivolity, for thenceforward we were to be Seniors, (momentous thought), and must act accordingly.

The principal honor which nineteen-seven as Seniors gave to Tech was Dr. Meyers. Few other classes can boast of as much. But this was not all.

One of the first happenings of interest in our Senior year was the appointment of the Cadet officers. Tech has much reason to be grateful to nineteen-seven in this connection, for we brought back to her the Battalion Quartermas-

tership, the Colonelcy and the Regimental Adjutancy, besides providing her companies with three out of the best ten Captains in the regiment, and her battalion with a Major and a few other minor considerations. Incidentally we are proud of having had the Colonel in our class, but the honor that caused us the greatest elation was that of being able to present our school with the luxury of a Battalion Quartermaster. This was indeed a feather in our cap.

It was not long before Christmas rolled around and 1907 was lucky enough to find itself on the calling list of good old Santa. When time came there was a bona-fide Christmas tree up in Class Room 10, blossoming with presents for everybody, and in the place where the roll-call ought to be there was a grand distribution. No one got a lemon, and everybody was happy. "Fritz" received a candlestick so that he might not hide his light under a bushel, but might give light to all in the class room (and since then we have had to shade our eyes when we look at him); "Rube" was presented with a microscopic cardboard hirsute appendage remover, and as a result the tonsorial artists have advanced their prices; "Dutch" was made

happy with a little pup of the A. Loeffler pedigree; and even Mr. Daniel did not go away empty-handed. Let us hope that Santa will remember the children in 1908.

The next excitement appeared in the shape of the 14th of February, and everybody made a noise like a valentine. The amount of youthful poetry and the number of amateur cartoons which were floating around at that time were a caution, and would have made Homer and Mike Angelo sit up and take notice had they been cognizant of the proceedings.

Class room 9 then became an object of much curiosity. At stated intervals volumes of mysterious and awe-inspiring sound would emanate from that sanctuary and fill the whole school with a weird, uncanny sort of music and a desire to be somewhere else. Somebody said that the A4 chorus was at the root of it; but who can be certain? Ask Jaeger.

It was about this time that nineteen-seven, seeing what a prodigy it was, determined to test its ability in a forensic direction, and formed a debating society. The next duty which devolved upon us was to select a team, and a few hotly-contested heats developed a

scorcher—a combination of orators that did some singeing, too. Yes, it was indeed a warm team and all were Seniors. What happened next? We are too modest to say. But suppose you look on the back of the medals which were presented to the speakers; there you will see something. And right here it might not be out of place to explain a little occurrence, the true significance of which seems to have escaped the notice of the public-at-large. It is this: After the school team had been chosen, the Juniors in their childish impulse to imitate also formed a team, and a debate between the Titans and the Pygmies was duly arranged, partly that the Titans might exercise their strength, and partly that the infantile whim of the Pygmies might be indulged. But realizing how intent the children were upon their little debate and showing, too, that a severe defeat might cause them to lose confidence in themselves and endanger "Tech's" prospects for a winning team in 1908, why, the Titans—well, of course, the Pygmies won. But instead of being grateful, however, the little spouters were conceited enough to think that they had really done something, and as a result insinuating

rumors were set afoot. We hope, however, that this elucidation will be sufficient to clear up any doubt which may have existed in regard to this little affair.

Another innovation set afloat in 1907 was the first High School crew—a Tech crew, and among its members were a number of nineteen-seven men. But taken altogether, altho nineteen-seven may have produced a goodly number of athletic stars, yet their light, on the whole, is not the best to read by. The only explanation of this seemingly remarkable condition of affairs is to be found in the fact that our strength lay in the head rather than the feet, and that our inclinations lay in other directions. Nevertheless, nineteen-seven has produced some shining lights along athletic lines. There was Duganne, the Mighty, the terror of many an opposing tackler when he, the Mighty, had the ball; there was Thiele, who, in spite of the fact that his brain has more convolutions per square inch than any other gentleman of our acquaintance, was another famous football captain; there was Doran, who can sport three stars under his T, and then there was Hoover, the natural born kidder. In

baseball what was the matter with the two mighty leftwingers, Koehler and Sterzer; and what fault is found with the slugger Platt? In the track there stands again this selfsame Duganne, and with him Browne, the lightfooted, and Adams, the fleet. And last, but not least, stands Wilson, the athlete par-excellence, capping the climax with a thumb-nail clap. What a number of strong and mighty men is this to be proud of, and they all go to show what nineteen-seven might have done had she been so inclined.

One branch of athletics, however, in which nineteen-seven has always proved singularly proficient, a branch for which we have ever evinced a remarkable capacity, is the Annual Lunch. Every year "Tech" has held one of these athletic contests and every year nineteen-seven has gotten outside of more donations and has helped swell the Athletic Association treasury and our own repository more than almost any other aggregation of like interior dimensions. As it might have been expected, therefore, the lunch in 1907 was the most successful which the school has known. Indeed, if the number of patrons is any gauge of success,

there can be no doubt of how *that* lunch succeeded. At times the crowd was so dense and packed so closely that it was utterly impossible to swallow any solid food, and lemonade had to be taken slowly and with care; while those who had the opportunity to look at their watches solemnly averred that it took fourteen and four-fourths minutes to tunnel one's way up one flight of stairs. But this was not so remarkable, as we have taken a longer time than that ourselves in climbing that selfsame stairway en route for a recitation! As we have said, the lunch was a success—financially and gastronomically.

But the Year Book, "The Retrospect!" It was indeed the crowning jewel in our many-jeweled crown. It is something to be proud of and sweat over. Yes, we did toil assiduously, and even the beguiling glamor of English and Math could not swerve us from our purpose. In nothing, save freehand drawing alone, have we ever worked harder, and we have learned this much—the most strenuous part about a Year Book is the dedication. As for the rest, if it had been as easy as securing the "ads"

nothing could have been more easy. Ask Pshaw.

And then the competitive drill! Did not nineteen-seven bring back the rag to "Old Tech," and was it not a nineteen-seven Captain with two nineteen-seven Lieutenants that did the trick and demonstrated that D is not the hard-luck letter which it is generally supposed to be? Ask Hart.

One very important element in the class of nineteen-seven, an element which might indeed be called rare, and valued not so much for its quantity as for its quality, has been the Girls. Was it a son of nineteen-seven that won the S. A. R. medal? Another indication of the popularity of the aforementioned element is the fact that the Vice President and Secretary of the class are girls. Then, too, if it were not for the ladies, how would the different teams and the Cadets get their "feeds?" Rah! rah! for co-education!

One of the strong points of nineteen-seven has always been our individuality. We have been "different," we have ever departed from the beaten pathway, and have endeavored to avoid the contagious staleness of hard-fixed

precedent. Our triumphant entry was unusual; our exit will be no less so. As we began, so will we commence. Most classes have their graduation exercises in the gloom of the evening. That we say is the way of the world; but is it the way of nineteen-seven? Not much! We receive our diplomas and make our little bows in the afternoon. Three cheers for the Board of Education!

And now the class of nineteen-seven will

soon pass the way of all things temporal, but it is with the modest satisfaction of knowing that we are—Alpha and Omega. Yes, seriously now, let us banish euprosyne to the tall timbers and look the proposition squarely in the face. We are illustrious and we know it. But we are modest. So let us stand out as a shining example, unattainable certainly, but nevertheless plainly visible, of what a model class should be.

FINIS.



PROPHECY FOR A⁴.

Page
Seventy-
Five

HARK, ye Seniors! Little did ye think that ye had, nestled in your very midst, as it were, a prophet, did ye? But, alas! and alack! it is so! And not only one, but two, and (we point it out with modest pride) we are duly elected members of the American Federation of Prophets, and can show our union cards. So have no fear on that score. However, we work singly, and I know nothing of his dealings nor he of mine. How I came to be a prophet occurred in this wise. Having read in a newspaper of the demise of Mr. Dowie, I was, on reading his somewhat strenuous life, fired with an ambition to be a prophet. Having made that decision, nothing (in the shape of my folks, who had fonder hopes of my future) could budge me. But how was I to realize my wishes? At first I thought of a trip to the moon—for, curiously enough, there seems to be something in the very atmosphere of the moon that inspires prophets. But I had to give up this plan as impractical, for on applying to the only member of the "Staff" who had been there, he re-

fused point-blank to answer any insinuating queries.

Now, I am quite a dabbler in experiments on animal life, and alas, sometimes on human life. It was to this field of prophetic research that I next turned. My idea was to obtain, through some source, some definite knowledge of the future, by studying some part of the human anatomy. Palms, you say? No; my aim was higher—more poetic and "prophety." I wanted the heart! But "how to get it" naturally arose. It is needless to say that I was unsuccessful at first, and indeed almost to the last, when one day I happened to be almost run down by an electric hansom. My heart was in my throat! Immediately I had my cue! How to get that heart further out was the question, and then I could study it till I (or the owner) was blue in the face. I went home, and "Eureka Fear Producing Tablets" was the result. But I went it one better! Not only did the heart of the guileless child I played the trick on come out, but it did so unseen and unfelt by her. I clamored for subjects, but everyone professed

suspicion of my designs and refused the treat. Then the Class Night exercises came, and with them my chance. You know, a graduate will do anything on class night, and as they were in dire need of some sort of a prophet, they followed my beck and call and swallowed my tablets with alacrity, nay, with positive relish! And here is the result of my analysis of each youthful heart as I took it from the box into which it had flown:

The first was a dainty little thing, perfumed and beribboned, and embroidered on it was the name "James Adams"—"His little heart in 1915." I opened it, and read what seemed to be a newspaper clipping, "Our friend, Mr. Adams, has just sailed for the Fiji Islands, where he has fond hopes of becoming a missionary. He also intends to open a large tropical greenhouse and conduct a seminary for lady cannibals on the side. We wish him success in his new work."

The next was a small (almost the size of a watch charm) flinty little affair, and on it was stamped a question mark. Inside was a photograph. It was a picture of—no, I couldn't be mistaken in that placid countenance—Mr. Leon N. C. Smith! Under the picture was a legend

which read, "Mr. Smith, the Insurance President, who lectured yesterday on 'The Evils of Money Lending.' He asserts that in his whole high-school career he was never so foolish, so utterly reckless, as to lend even a nickel. And to-day he owns—oh, nobody knows how much!"

The next heart was no heart at all; in fact, it was merely a sheet of wash-paper such as draftsmen use. It was evidently the property of a young lady, for all over the margin were little scribblings of hats, dresses, etc. The back was covered with mysterious, prophetic writing, which read, "Miss Elsie Cunningham has been elected Secretary of the Amalgamated Union of Lady Architects. At present she is engaged in the task of designing a barn for her suburban friend, Miss Moss."

I then pulled forth a superhumanly large but light one, and read etched in true coppershop style, "Tom Doran, 1915." When the charm began to work I saw a genial, stocky man whose face was suffused with smiles and mud. A crowd of chubby youngsters surrounded him. One, a lad of about four, was crying; he'd hurt his neck in the game. It was football, which their dad, being a champion of athletic develop-

ment, had started to train them in (or brain them by) at that tender age! But they kept at it.

And so it went down the long list; some hearts were easy to read, some enigmas, some opened and contained a sort of clipping, some repelled all efforts, and it was only by going into a sort of trance that I could read them at all. But the reader has obtained from the above examples a knowledge of how I went at them. The rest I will give only in substance, leaving out the unimportant details as to shape or size of the heart, for fear of tiring. Needless to say, nearly all of them showed interesting facts. Here they are:

Mr. Simpson (his heart, by the way, was a cross between a lemon and a pickle) I saw as a studious-looking man, neatly garbed, seated at a large desk. When I looked over his shoulder I perceived that he was working out formulas, and, oh, such queer ones! For instance, one was to determine the ratio between a healthy joke and a sickly consumptive one (one of your rambling kind without any seeming purpose in life). This one was for a rich client, Mr. S. N. C. Smith. Another formula was one to solve

this same Mr. Smith. His hair was gray from the work.

Mr. Richards, by virtue of being the only college-bred man in his vicinity (not that I wish to detract from his own worth, became Mayor of Pohick, Va., where, by reason of his city-bred intellect, he acquired immense popularity among the voters and also a substantially stocked farm.

Some of the hearts presented amusing pictures. In one I saw a short, stocky figure waddling up and down the quarter deck of a boat (whether it was a U. S. warship or an Alexandria ferry I couldn't make out). Ever and anon it would mutter deep-sailor-like curses of "Dog-gone it," etc. And whom do you think it was? Mr. T. S. Klinger!

Our little Miss Page continued for a few years her anonymous writings as the "Spectator," but after being discovered and made to claim her fame, she received a position on the New York Evening Journal, where, as the assistant of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, she still aired her views on "The Evils of Society," "Breakfast Foods," "Travel," "Love," etc.

It was with this same prosperous journal that

our friend, Mr. Hickman, connected himself. As its business manager he still kept up his pet mania, and it was even rumored for a while that he was to manage a winning team in Washington!

Miss Grace Schneider continued her inroads on jewelers' stocks of class pins, and to the date of my reading (about 1920) had annexed 114 (we don't know who they belong to), as well as 57 different varieties of diplomas. And she was still a-going! In all other respects she seemed to be a sane young lady, but as this seems to be her one motive in life there can be but one way to stop it—death or ?

Occasionally her friend, Miss Byer, would drop in to see how the class-pin crop was growing. This young lady did get through Normal School and did teach for about one year, I believe; but she soon resigned her position—whether because she was paid by the months and not by the Weeks I do not know, but she resigned.

Mr. Tucker became a doctor, whether a horse one or not I couldn't make out; but if he is as open and frank in dealing with his patients (we

doubt it) as he was in German class, we hope he will succeed.

Mr. Shutow, after a few years' study in the United States, sailed back to his dear old Japan, where, by reason of his Americanized intellect, he easily fooled the best of them. Again the scene shifted, and I was at dear old "Tech." Running up and down its spacious corridors, I beheld a horde of little Shutows, all the very image of their dear old dad. Once more was the wisdom of the Jap vindicated.

But it was with those girls that the troubles of a prophet came. Their hearts were so confused and so tangled and enigmatic that it was only after painful deliberation that I could find out anything at all. But what could I expect?

Miss Ruth Cooper, for instance, the lamb of our fold, fooled us all! For after teaching quietly for a few years she suddenly eloped to Rockville with a Methodist preacher and was married!

Miss May Weirick opened a ladies' gymnasium on the corner of Seventh and L streets, where among lady sports she became known as "Big-hearted May, de champeen lady boxer."

Among her patrons was our friend, Miss Marston.

This young lady and her intimate friend, Miss Ray, settled down as only typical Washington girls can. On a Saturday they strolled F street, on a Sunday night they strolled to church, occasionally (to which clause does this word belong?) they took in the matinee, and even Mrs. Dyer's came in for its share of visits.

Yet another "Techite" received his M. D.—the noble Henry Jaeger! He made just as dead a doctor as he did a singer, and inflicted no end of trouble on his patients in the first case and on our patience in the latter. "May our enemies be his best and only prey!"

Miss Ethalyn Starkweather became a kind and efficient missionary in the wilds of Good Hope, Anacostia, Twining City and such darkly infested communities. Nor was she alone in the work. One of her male converts to the good work was indeed the cause of her deserting it, proving to us (who haven't as good opportunities for telling as cannibals have) that even a missionary has a heart.

Mr. Earl Henderson nearly got into the same plight as Miss Schneider. He became president

of so many different colleges and universities that he nearly broke Andrew Carnegie erecting institutes for him to be president of. But wonder of wonders! He suddenly, while lecturing in Pittsburg, married a chorus girl, and henceforth devoted himself to the study of meteorology, particularly brainstorms.

Miss Esther Brock, one of "Tech's" artists, became celebrated at Pratt's Art School for her fine sense of the noble in art. But, like all true artists, she had her failing, or, rather, her "failure," for it was a "D," which, try as she would, she couldn't or wouldn't get rid of.

Mr. Ralph Howell, after graduating at Tech, took a degree at George Washington, after which he acquired great fame as a stump speaker throughout Hyattsville, Alexandria and Chevy Chase. He was known as the "Boy Cicero," or the "coming statesman." He also held the record for canoeing, having paddled across the Potomac in two minutes when pursued by harbor police for gunning out of season. This fact alone would stamp him as a second Grover Cleveland.

Mr. Sloane became a famous pugilist and acquired great renown, having licked Bob Fitz-

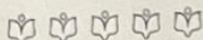
simmons when the latter was in his 90th year. Between scraps he trained on his ranch in North Dakota.

Miss Gibbs sailed down the river of time as peaceably as she now sits through English hour. She became a great teacher and author of a "Rational Speller." But they say she was a mischievous little coquette outside of school life, and even vegetable life was susceptible to her, particularly holly.

Mr. Stephen Truesdell became, after graduating from a technical college, an engineer of a

train plying between Washington and Bluemont, Va., where he built himself a home for his catalogues and Mrs. Truesdell.

As the last heart was laid aside I looked up with a sigh at the smiling faces of the graduates. After all, who could foretell just what would be the path of each one. Maybe adventures far stranger than I had related may be their lot. Who knows? Maybe Miss Cooper will run off with that Methodist minister yet. Who can tell? MILLARD B. HODGSON, '07.



PROPHECY FOR B⁴.

THE last visage of the still night passed away, the sun rose solemnly above the eastern horizon, and the morning of June 9, 1927, was here,—one more step in the world's journey toward Eternity. I will not pause to expound upon the powers of that particular brand, the use of which enables one to skip over twenty years; but take my word for it, the night passed away, the sun rose, and June 9, 1927, was here.

I walked out into the street with a dignity

becoming one of my age and was suddenly accosted by a sprightly-looking old chap in a sight-seeing automobile, who asked me through his megaphone if I wouldn't take a ride with him. His voice sounded exceedingly like one which had commanded me in years gone by to "pass in review," and upon climbing into his machine I instantly recognized my old friend, Claude Thiele. He was now making use of the splendid vocal powers he had acquired as the commander of a regiment and was holding

down the job of demonstrator on a "999" automobile. As he had no other passengers he sat down beside me, and our conversation, of course, drifted back to the good old class of naughty seven, particularly that part of it which used to hold its daily sessions in room X.

Of our girls I was charmed to learn that all but three were now the proud possessors of husbands, but upon second thought the effect of the news lost some of its charm, as I remembered that the feminine role in our section contained but five names. Barring Miss Moss, whose early interest in A4 leaves little room for speculation, it was with little difficulty that I guessed the other,—Miss Wright, the young culprit whose contagious laugh used to break up so many studious classes in the days of old. Miss Cameron, of literary fame, is now making a trip around the world in a sail-boat to obtain material for her next great work, having already gotten as far as the mouth of the Potomac. Miss Neal, contrary to expectations, did not become a woman's rights champion, and is utilizing her versatile powers as Editress-in-Chief of the Ladies' Home Journal. Miss Brodie has been equally successful as the Matron of

the German-American Orphan Asylum, and we wish her a happy continuance in her good work.

Mr. Wann, our honored President, followed the fate of many of our other chief executives and dropped into the humbler walks of life soon after the expiration of his term. Despite the numerous newspaper suggestions that he should become Governor of New York State, President of Harvard University, etc., he chose the lowly position of jockey and startles the world semi-annually with his marvelous rides at Benning. George Davis, whose marine-drafting propensities caused so many paper ships to float around our old mechanical-drawing room, has advanced in his profession and is now assistant steward on the twin-screw steamer Charles Macalester. Mr. Michener, as far as I could learn, is advertising manager of the Malta-Vita Breakfast Food Co. "Danny" Swan, as we all know, betook his learned self to Cornell, from which, if all reports be true, he will be graduated next year. His long sojourn at Ithica, the wise ones claim, is due to the fact that there is a woman in the case. "Bub" Leger is also at this university, but in another capacity. He is a member of the fac-

ulty in the English department and author of that famous text book, "English as She Should be Learnt to Young Children, and How."

The automobile, which had been treacherously whizzing in and out among the numerous vehicles around us, was suddenly slowed down upon the appearance of a massive policeman, whom I recognized to be none other than Allan King; but Thiele quickly showed the advantage of his football experience and directed his chauffeur to steer directly towards him at full speed. I do not think that this was the termination of King's service on the Force, for, if I am not mistaken, he jumped out of our way just in time. Turning a corner a conspicuous sign greeted my eyes and caused me to stop and investigate. It hung from a large barber-pole and read—"R. R. Duffie, M. D.—Tonsorial Artist." Glancing into the shop I saw my old friend Cantwell in the front chair, evidently getting his first shave. Just how else this young man manages to while away his time I am not prepared to say. Bond Smith, I was told, was last year elected Mayor of Tacoma Park, on the Democratic ticket, and his bold reform measures made him popular from the

start. Besides shutting down the saloons he has paved all the streets and built a magnificent City Hall. His friend, Doran Platt, was elected Tax Assessor on the same ticket, but it is said that he would rather indulge in a good game of baseball than attend to his official duties, even at this late age.

Our attention was here called to the excited cries of "extra paper" by a horde of scurrying newsboys, and buying a paper, we read with feelings of pardonable pride of a debate to occur that afternoon in the Senate between George E. Middleton, of South Dakota, and William Seifriz, of Arizona, on the mooted question of "Free Trade Relations Between the Milliners of Minneapolis and the Philippines." These two men, who used to hold us spellbound with their marvelous flights of rhetoric, do not exhaust our list of orators; for Kengla has also taken the stump, and is enlightening his audiences at the busy corners of our down-town districts with thrilling accounts of why you should use Dr. Glass's "Keen Kidney Kure" above all others. Yes, it is true. "Bobby" Glass become a doctor and is noted for his wonderful cures far and wide. Nearing a theater,

my guide informed me that even the stage contained able representatives from our class. Son-tag and Safford were presenting a joint comic-acrobatic stunt at one of our vaudeville houses that ranks among the highest of its class. Fred Pushaw, deciding to utilize his various experiences, accepted the position of "Romeo" in an elaborate production of "Romeo and Juliet." The role of Juliet is being filled at this writing, during the illness of the leading lady, by her able under-study, Charles L. Wilson.

Skipping from the artificialities of the stage to our wild and woolly rural districts, I learned that "Irish" Bryarly is conducting a large dairy farm somewhere up on the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal. I have heard it whispered, however, that his prosperity is due, for the most part, to the fact that his milk cans always contain substantial dippings from the aforementioned canal. Mr. Marr has become a pugilist and his notable conquests in the prize-ring, both in this country and in England, make us look back with pride to the days when we were numbered among his friends. Mr. Mooers became poet-laureate of Afghanistan some years ago, and with the assistance of his secretary, Mr. Brez,

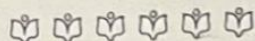
has produced some work that has made Rudyard Kipling cry for mercy. Capt. Redman is now Brigadier-General of the D. C. National Guards, but his military ambition is not gratified yet, and it is said that an even higher office in that organization is to be created for him to fill. Major Charlton, however, laid away his uniform never to don shoulder-straps again. After figuring prominently at the Jamestown Exposition as a side-show barker, he moved up to Harper's Ferry, where his editorial ability soon enabled him to take complete charge of the Harper's Ferry Court Record. The side-show alluded to above was a freak museum, among the curiosities on exhibition being Mr. Thompson, the strongest man in Prince George County, Maryland, and Mr. DeCarrie, the only full-blooded Indian who ever attended a Washington public school. Buehler and Schladt have succeeded splendidly in their professions as mechanical draftsmen, in which they gave so much evidence of rare ability when at school. The former is now chief marker at the Yale Steam Laundry, with the latter as his able assistant.

Our automobile had now covered a good deal of territory, and we had decided to conclude the

trip, when we noticed signs of trouble upon an opposite corner. A crowd had gathered, and fearing from the sounds that emanated from that direction that someone had been hurt, we went over to see what the trouble was. To our great surprise, we found that no one had been hurt at all, and that the crowd was merely listening to the efforts of two street-singers, who, with a violin accompaniment, were rendering, "Not Because Your Hair is Curly" with variations. Feeling that I had heard these voices be-

fore, I examined the faces of the trio closely, and found to my astonishment that I was listening to "Ray" Hart and "Johnny" Palmer, ex-members of the "Tech" Glee Club, and that the violinist was none other than old "Eb." Corning. My guide and I tried to remain until the conclusion of the song, but finally gave it up and beat a hasty retreat to the nearest drug store, where we regained our composure with an invigorating nerve tonic.

M. C. AUERBACH.



VALIDICTORY.

Mr. President, Fellow Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen:

SUCCESS, it is most evident, is the all-important factor in any one's life. If we choose the work we like, the work for which we are best suited, and succeed in this work, we have done all that man possibly can do. We should all have certain ideals and go through

life with the definite aim of realizing these ideals. This carried out is success.

That such men as Savonarola, Bruno and Galileo are the greatest examples of successful men can not be denied; but these men were martyrs. The world received great benefit at the sacrifice of an individual's happiness. Though we would be proud to have done the

work of these men, it is not the success of a martyr for which we are striving today. Our work should be of interest to us, and not a means of depriving us of our rightful share of the world's pleasure.

Neither are we going to strive for financial success. It is hard to deny that money is the expression of nearly everything desirable today; but it is not wealth that has made many of the financiers of our country successful. Money is merely an incident. Our millionaires were first successes; the dollars came later.

It is often said that some persons have greater opportunities than others. To a certain extent this may be true. Success, however, depends upon the individual. If we determine to succeed we can do so. Of course, a reasonable amount of education must also be in evidence. The world demands of the man of today culture and training. Johnson and Lincoln, men from the country and mountains, could not succeed now as they did a few years ago. With the excellent opportunities offered by our modern institutions, a college man undoubtedly has an advantage over his less fortunate associates. Why is it, then, that we have so many success-

ful men who have no college training? Why, too, so many college graduates that are failures? It is because the man with the poorer educational advantages realizes his handicap. He knows that if he is to succeed he must work; start down at the bottom and work hard and slowly toward the top. The college man overestimates his ability. He is of the opinion that his education places him high above the other beginners, and the result is that he is ashamed and unwilling to start out in life from the very bottom rung of the ladder. To whatever extent we are schooled or whatever our opportunities may seem to be, there must be an impelling motive—some incentive, some zeal, some enthusiasm.

Herbert Spencer has said: "The first element of success is to be a healthy animal;" or, as the Latin proverb runs, "Mens sana in corpore sano." So, we see, health in mind and body is, above all things, necessary. The tendency today is in most cases to develop one at the cost of the other. We must pay equal attention to both; in other words, preserve an equilibrium.

Originality is the influence of next impor-

tance. To succeed a man must give of himself freely. George Westinghouse, in his invention of the air-brake, showed originality coupled with perseverance, to a marked degree. When his invention was told to Cornelius Vanderbilt the old Colonel said, "What! stop trains with air." But Westinghouse knew he was right. He departed from the brainless copy-work of his predecessors. He had self-reliance that was sure to bring success;—and what was the result of this originality? A revolutionizing of our whole railroad system.

We may feel, perhaps, that there is no opportunity for originality, but the activities of the human mind are capable of infinite variety. It is true that we may be using the same methods or applying the same idea that someone else used years ago—that someone else may even be using now. But what matters this? This similarity is unknown to us. We are in ourselves and to our associates original, and it is this that will make us successful.

Lack of originality also leads to bad habits. We may often do in imitation that which would be entirely distasteful to us if we but followed our own inclinations. If we do imitate some

man great in the kind of work which we are undertaking, we can at best only imitate his outward appearance, his habits and expressions; for when we get so that we can imitate the man himself, then we likewise will be successful.

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Daily routine work must be copied, but not habits of thought; and thoughts govern the universe.

Directing this originality of thought, however, one must have some definite purpose, some one aim. Decide upon the work you intend to undertake, then stay right by it. Push on with it through thick and thin, with ample self-reliance and perseverance. Much also depends upon quick action; alertness, but not in disregard to some faithfulness to detail. Beneath this, however, there is a deeper, less apparent feature which pervades our work. This is moral integrity, the whole foundation of success. There must be a stimulus to the mind, a moral purpose behind all our work. A good

moral character is better than any amount of capital.

Now that we know the elements necessary to success, how can we obtain them? There is but one answer to this, and that is self-achievement. Strike out for yourself; success is not hereditary. This is why we have today such prominent examples of success in our so-called self-made men. Whether we fail or succeed, let us remember all through life that it is less effort to carry out that which is right than that which is wrong.

The road to success is not easy. Many hard, discouraging hours must be passed; for what is worth accomplishing is done through slow, steady, persistent work. The success of some seems to be of meteoric growth, but such cases are few and the eminence usually brief. In fact, it is doubtful if these cases can be termed true success. At times there may be success of seemingly mushroom growth, yet it is nearly always the result of years of fundamental work.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept, were
toiling upward in the night."

With this idea, then, that we are going to work faithfully and persistently for success, let us say good-by to our high-school days. They are over now, and it is not without feeling that we leave them behind us. We are graduating from a school that has started us in the right direction, and may we all through life be proud of the McKinley Manual Training School. Our personal achievements will assume their true perspective, but good-fellowship will never grow less. We say good-by to you, our Principal, who has freely given us of his experience and counsel; to the teachers, that have worked so patiently with us for the past four years; good-by to one another; and finally, fellow-classmates, good-by to dear old "Tech."

WM. SEIFRIZ.

"NAUGHTY SEVEN."

(To the air of "Auld Lang Syne.")

WE are the class of Naughty Seven,
And we are hard to beat,
Throughout the four years we have
striven,
We've scarcely known defeat.

CHORUS:

Oh! Technical, we'll sing your praise,
Old Technical for e're
In song our voices we'll upraise,
Our love you'll have for e'er.

In all the branches of school life
We ever have excelled;
And as we've conquered in the strife,
Admiration we've compelled.
Chorus.

We love our school, our teachers dear,
We love our studies, even.
We'll all join in a rousing cheer
For the class of Naughty Seven.
Chorus.
V. E. NEAL, '07.



JUNIOR HISTORY.

Why not? What for? Yes? At last a Junior! After three long, weary years of hardship in the Halls and Rooms of "Tech" we can at last be next in line to those dignified (?) Seniors who constantly roam the building at will, giving the impression of being students.

Coming shoulder straps, debaters' laurels and all the ceremonies of the "wise" Seniors for which we have been working. Working, I repeat, working. There is Goodman, Thrall, Schmidt, Reichard, Seaver, Chapin, Curtis and other oracles of learning, not forgetting the rustle of silks and chatter of "children" in the end of the first floor corridor after 2 o'clock.

Now to my task. I have used too much flat-

tery, as Caesar tells us. The self-same mob of children who made their appearance before the barred doors of "Tech" three years ago are now the indifferent Juniors of our school building. Who would have thought it?

Timid little Freshmen sitting in a row,
Worried by raging Sophomores waiting to be let go.

From these sorrows and tribulations of the "rough house" Soph. is quite a jump to the settled Junior. They will speak for themselves in the coming year, and we hope them much success.





SOPHOMORE HISTORY.

Friends, Students and Classmates: Great was the storm thereof when it came to pass that there cameth along Seventh street, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and six, a mob of youngsters headed toward the grand and ancient building of "Tech." But when this gallant band of Freshmen approached within hearing distance, instantly there cameth the sound of "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." But all of this was of the bygone days when Columbus sailed the ocean blue. Now let it be, for the much-hunted Freshmen of the year nineteen hundred six have become those ragged and headstrong Sophs.

After many a ride upon my "pony" (which leadeth us to understanding and knowledge) we landeth safe upon the shores of Sophomorphism.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, "Beware of our Jack Frost, for he catcheth you in the Bloom of life and maketh you drink much of the Beverage of the King. Having drunken much of the Walters of his Divine Majesty, you are Leary and Dunkin. In this state you are besieged by those cadets of this ancient building of "Tech," who drive you into the Ford of the river Zirkle."

But at last, "Beware" for those who falleth under the cup of good cheer and receiveth in return the "D" of gratitude and sing the song—

Here's to the class of '09.
Drink her down.

FRESHMAN HISTORY.

WE being very willing to escape our first year of ignominy, which is now near its close, do hereby gladly publish the last will and testament of the Freshman Class of 1907.

With mingled feelings of fear and pride we entered this imposing institution, eyeing our teachers with suspicion and showing great reverence for those seemingly brilliant upper classes. Happily, our first foolish fears are gone, we can hold the candle to any of our

teachers and of all the transparent frauds the Seniors take the prize. We with all seriousness do declare, after much examination, that we are the strongest prop of the Technical structure. Our mythical greenness has all disappeared, our foolish deference has changed to self-confidence and we are ready for the fray, ready to uphold our inalienable rights. All other years watch us as we march irresistibly with mighty strides to the front, forcing aside the old to replace it with the new.





ALUMNI.

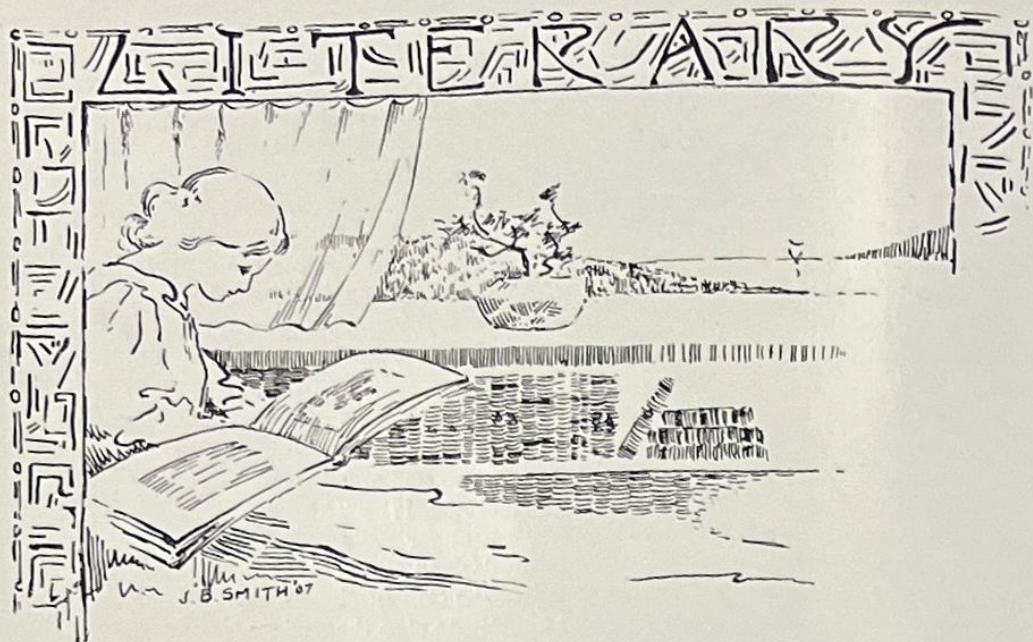
Every graduate of our school realizes his indebtedness to Tech. While he was here he had his ups and downs, his flunks and excellents, and his joys and his sorrows, but in almost all cases the ups over-balanced the downs in a great measure. Having left us he has gone to college or to work, and in either case he still remembers Tech for what she has been to him.

The fellow that goes to college has a better chance to succeed. He finds himself better fitted for his task, and thanks Tech for it. He congratulates her, for when he looks around him he sees Tech men the leaders of his class and the leaders of his university. At many of the leading colleges and universities this is the case. A representative Tech delegation will be found at Cornell, Michigan, Lehigh, Worcester Tech, Dartmouth, Purdue, Pennsylvania State, Lafayette, Virginia, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, George Washington and Georgetown. Many of our girl graduates are attending the local Normal School and other places of higher learning. In many cases they are leaders of their schools in all ways. What does this mean? It simply means that Tech fits her

pupils better for college than any other "Prep" school.

The average boy graduating from Tech who does not go to college goes to work. We find them in almost all kinds of business, situated from the Atlantic to the Pacific. If you watch one of them at his work you will soon discover that he is gradually proving his worth and becoming a leader in his line. Does not this also mean something? Of course it does. It means that Tech makes men of her boys; so that when they get out in the world they are not helpless creatures waiting for someone to come along to impose upon them. They know what the world expects of them, and in most cases they measure up to these expectations.

Do you wonder that Tech is always overcrowded? The parents of Washington's younger generation see the good results thereby derived and send their girls and boys to Tech. The Commissioners see how Tech is sought and try to stop the onslaught by passing rules making the requirements of admission greater, but Tech still grows.



“Did Lee’s Conduct at Monmouth Justify his Dismissal by Washington?”

Page
Ninety-
Seven

SUCH a question is necessarily vague, as no instance can be round of Lee’s being dismissed by Washington, and the “dismissal” may refer either to the alleged fact that Washington ordered Lee to the rear when he met him in the course of retreat, or to his suspension from the army after his court-martial. The first statement seems to be very much in doubt, as it is affirmed by Montgomery and Ridpath, and denied by Carrington, De Peyster, and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; for the three latter join in declaring that, after Washington had stopped and reformed the retreating troops, Lee again took command under him and fought gallantly until the end of the action. This point being so obscured by conflicting statements, we can, then, consider only his suspension from the army after the battle, and even that was not directly at the hands of Washington, but through a court of his fellow-officers. It is true that the charges against him were preferred by the Commander-in-Chief, and it was he who or-

dered the court-martial, but—did he order the Continental Congress to approve the sentence of that court, as they did, by a vote of fifteen to seven?

Charles Lee was an Englishman, a soldier of fortune, who had fought at the bidding of his daring, restless nature for many a cause in many lands. England, Portugal, Poland, and Russia—to all he had given his service, and at the first hint of trouble in the Colonies he had come to America and become an ardent Whig. So popular and important had his pamphlets and speeches made him even before the war, that he had entertained little doubt of being made Commander-in-Chief, and when he was disappointed there was born in him a secret but ever-growing dislike and envy of the man who had supplanted him. Through an instance of gross military carelessness she was captured by the British, four miles away from his army, and when he was in danger of being hung as a deserter from the English army, Washington

made one of his few mistakes and secured his exchange. The first battle in which he fought on his return was the battle of Monmouth, on June 28, 1778, near Freehold, New Jersey.

Valley Forge was past, the treaty with France assured, and the men who, before the trial of that terrible Winter, had been raw, discouraged, well-nigh broken and hopeless, had come out from it imbued with a new spirit, a new enthusiasm, new and dogged courage, and—greatest of all—a new belief in themselves and the unborn Nation for which they were fighting and suffering. They were very different men from those whom Lee had left when he was captured, and for that reason we cannot believe that they were overtaken by an unreasoning and cowardly panic, as Lee asserts in his written justification; but rather that, confused by conflicting orders or the lack of any, they retreated only through necessity. And we believe that this necessity was wilfully caused by Lee, basing that belief on the well-authenticated statement of Washington "that it was his conviction that the country and army were wilfully imperiled by the disobedience of Charles Lee."

In June the British army, commanded by

Clinton, left Philadelphia and started across New Jersey, soon pursued by the Continentals, who hoped either to capture or destroy the immense baggage train of the English. At Freehold they overtook them, and on the 27th Washington, before many of his officers, suggested that Lee, who was to have supreme command of the advance on the morrow, should call together all of the officers under him for final instructions. From the testimony of these officers these instructions were given indifferently and were very general and inadequate. The next morning the advance was made, the attack seemed successful, and Lee sent word to Washington that he was "confident of victory." Because it was never sent, no word of the retreat ever reached the Commander-in-Chief until he met the first fugitives, flying in disordered haste for no other reason than because "it was orders."

LaFayette, Wayne, Maxwell, Forman and Scott, who were all present when Lee received his orders, understood, each one, that Lee was to bring on a general engagement, and there could be little doubt of the result, as the Continentals outnumbered the British three to two,

the latter being hampered besides by the baggage train. Under such conditions, Lee's actions at the battle seem to stamp him either as a lunatic or a traitor. The events of the battle, briefly, are as follows: Lee advanced and threw out his division, partly surrounding the end of the British column. The British cavalry faced-about and charged briskly, the Continentals fighting bravely and successfully until ordered by Lee to fall back. They retreated slowly, still fighting, for two and a half miles, still pursued by the British, and the officers commanding the wings on either side of the retreating division found themselves deserted and without orders. Doubt and uncertainty as to the fate of the rest of the army, and the inability of the commanding officers to get any orders from Lee, caused them also to fall back until stopped by the powerful presence and decisive orders of their Commander-in-Chief himself.

As Lee himself appeared, among the last, Washington sternly demanded the reason of his failure, and was answered that Lee had never approved the general engagement, and that the result had justified his expectation, as the move

had been against "his advice." Washington's reply was characteristic—"Whatever your opinion, my orders should have been obeyed." And here occur those conflicting statements from which we cannot decide whether Lee was sent to the rear or allowed to retain his subordinate command.

After the battle these charges were preferred against Lee:

1. Disobedience of orders in not attacking enemy June 28, as instructed.
2. Misbehavior before the enemy on the same day, and unnecessary and disorderly retreat.
3. Disrespect to the Commander-in-Chief in two letters.

Lee's response on the first score was that he had received no definite orders and that Washington's desire for a general engagement had been expressed rather as a request than as a command. In the unsettled condition of the army and by some lawyer metamorphosed into a General, such an explanation might have been plausible; from Lee, a professional soldier, who knew Washington better, it was absurd. The statements of the Generals before quoted

proved that Lee's orders from Washington had been positive and that he had made no great apparent effort to carry them out.

He denied misbehavior before the enemy, altho many officers—LaFayette and Knox among others—testified that they could get no orders from him during the battle, and all of the officers during the retreat knew of no other reason than that "it was orders." A whole army retreating for no other apparent reason! On the charge that he had ordered an unnecessary retreat he declared that, "The ground on which we found them was very favorable to them; that to which we led them, as favorable to us." Leading them on! a la Kuropatkin, evidently, and with much the same result, tho none of his excuse. Wayne begged him to advance—was ignored; General Forman offered to charge with the cavalry, and to him Lee said, "Sir, I know my business," the arrogance of which boast was characteristic of the man. These incidents simply show that none of the other Generals could see the necessity of retreat, from which it would seem more than probable that it did not exist.

The charge on the score of the letters could not be denied, for they were produced, showing

that in formal, but disrespectful and almost insulting, terms Lee had attempted to hold Washington personally responsible for the rebuke which the latter had administered to him. The court, of which Washington was not a part, found him guilty and suspended him from the army for twelve months, which action Congress approved.

On the testimony given above as concisely as possible Lee was sentenced, and it would seem that that would be sufficient, but when certain other considerations are added to these, one can not fail to see that Lee's suspension must have been dictated by every feeling of judgment, good sense, and patriotism of his judges. In the precarious state of the struggling Colonies, a traitor held it in his power to cause the complete destruction of their hopes if not detected in time. Lee may not have been a traitor,—though it is now believed that while a prisoner he made treasonable propositions to the English,—but his actions were suspicious and furnished ample reason for the removal of one who might prove himself dangerous. A brave and skilful officer failing at the head of an American army when every advantage appeared to be his—what sup-

position is more natural than that, wishing to lessen if not frustrate a victory for Washington, he balked in his duty, hoping thereby to cast discredit on the latter? For the jealousy and sullenness of his character were well known, especially towards Washington. They doubted his loyalty; the facts justified that doubt, and their patriotism, the very sacredness of their trust, forbade their taking a single risk that was not necessary. And, then, they knew the caliber of the man—his arrogance, selfishness, his adventurous, scheming nature—and knew also that there would be no end to his disobedience and independence if such insubordination as that of the 28th was allowed to go unpunished. His usefulness as a General was at an end, and he was only a constant menace to the unity and success of the army. Brave he was and daring—a well-trained soldier who might have been one of the most valuable officers in an army where many of the Generals were promoted to

that rank from the desk or fields, but his unbridled passions, and, we have reason to believe, certain unscrupulous tendencies, made it imperative that it should be put beyond his power to do the army, and through it the country, another injury.

A man who had failed in a trust, a man who for personal spite had risked the dearest hopes of his adopted cause, and who had stooped to lay the blame upon loyal troops to save himself—is there one who would not consider his suspension, more, his dismissal, just, as the reward for such disloyalty? Each man, in those dark times, bore the weight of the struggle for liberty upon his own individual shoulders, and any act, as well as one so obviously just as this, was justifiable if through it they could hope to aid or protect the great Nation towards which they were fighting their way.

(GRAEME DOUGLAS)
MYRLE CAMERON.

"RIP" UP TO DATE (AND A LITTLE BEYOND.)

WHOEVER has made a visit to the North Pole must remember the Refrigerator range of mountains. They are a detached branch of the great Frigora family and are situated far outside of the beaten path, rising in grandeur to a regal height and lording it over the surrounding country.

Each change of season, each lengthy day and lonely night occasions wonderful changes on the surface of the mountains, and the prismatic hues gleam out in varied splendor and magnificence. When the Arctic day is bright and fair, they stand forth in snow-crowned majesty, their grim crags and glittering diadems silhouetted against the azure horizon; and when the surrounding landscape is shrouded in the gray mantle of protracted night they are oft illumined by the radiant refulgence of the matchless Aurora Borealis, which tints with dazzling splendor each snowy peak and crystal slope until they reflect the roseate hues, glowing and sparkling in soft, entrancing brilliance with the luminous grandeur of a myriad of setting suns.

From the top of these mighty mountains there might have been seen once upon a time a ship ice-bound far out upon the Polar seas; a ship which was a veritable city in itself, having been constructed through the untiring efforts of Theodore Roosefeldt, the thrice "dee-lighted" President of the United States, and equipped with every requisite for an arctic expedition in search of the North Pole, then unknown.

Among the occupants of this immense ship was one bright, progressive youth named Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and he inherited the spirit and enterprise of his ancestors.

One day, tiring of the monotony of ice-bound ship life and fired with ambition, he secretly embarked in one of the balloons belonging to the ship, in a daring attempt to reach the North Pole ahead of the expedition and win undying fame.

After a very perilous voyage, he was successful, landing at the very foot of the Pole with a

few remaining provisions, consisting of canned peaches, embalmed beef and Grape Nuts.

A huge Polar bear who was squatting upon the top of the Pole munching a Uneeda biscuit was so delighted to see a human being with a fresh lot of provisions, for his supply from the last explorer was almost exhausted, that he scrambled hastily down and embraced the youth in a playfully-delighted hug, so hearty that poor Rip lost consciousness.

The amazed bear laid him down with contemptuous tenderness. "Gee!" he soliloquized; "these men are poor, weak creatures—no backbone—no enthusiasm! No wonder Teddy prefers my family to represent him. Pshaw, I wanted the latest news from my American kin! But I guess I had best put this fellow in cold storage a few years—he needs the rest cure. Meanwhile I'll investigate his slim stock of eatables."

* * * * *

Rip VanWinkle was awakened by a strange tingling sensation, and not knowing that electric plants were now a growing feature of the region, he was at a loss to account for it. He rubbed his eyes, sat up and took notice. He

seemed in the midst of a peach orchard of a coldly unfamiliar sort. Around and above him peach trees grew thickly and frapped peaches hung from every limb, while about their trunks were entwined luxuriant vines from which frosted grapes and nut-sundaes gleamed temptingly forth. He rose, parted the branches, and looked around. It was a bright, sparkling day. The seals were playing high-spy among the icebergs and the polar bears were practicing fancy figures under the direction of their skating instructor.

Rip was amazed. He tried to recall the events that had gone before—the polar expedition ship life—his private balloon venture—the discovery of the North Pole—the Polar bear—and, ah, that hearty welcome. "Confound that strenuous bear," thought Rip; "I wonder if his violent affection is responsible for this unfortunate delay. I have evidently slept all night and now the expedition may reach the Pole before my claim to priority is satisfactorily established. After all my trouble! What abominable luck!"

Pushing forward, he saw to his great wonderment what seemed a flourishing city in the distance, and as he approached it he met a

number of persons dressed in a very different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with even greater surprise and many followed him into the town.

Reaching the populated streets, he found everything more than strange. Rows of houses and business blocks had taken the place of the huge blocks of ice he dimly remembered. More and more bewildered he gazed around, and at last came to a saloon wherein were assembled a crowd as of old.

The appearance of Rip, his antiquated clothing and the crowd at his heels soon attracted attention, and the street was rapidly filled with a motley gathering. The boys crowded around him and began to guy him, when the Mayor of the city pushed his way towards him and demanded in austere tones his business there.

"Why, sir," answered Rip, somewhat dismayed at the excitement his advent seemed to cause, "I am merely a stranger in search of some of my friends who came over with me on the ship."

"Ship? What ship? And what line? We have several aerial lines, you know, and various

ships; air ships are coming and going constantly. What are your friends' names?"

"Well," faltered Rip, "there's Peary. Know him?"

A silence fell upon the group. Everybody looked at everybody else.

At last an old man piped up: "Say, I remember that fellow Peary. He's dead and gone these twenty years. He discovered this place in an airship and died the next year of brain-storm, induced by the big head."

"Where's Marconi?"

"Oh, he's a millionaire on Fifth avenue. He invented wireless electricity 40 years ago, and is living on his income in his old age.

"Where's Harriman?"

"He was king of the Moon-folks. He found a passage by which the people on Earth could visit the Moon and his Air-line system now connects the planets."

"Where's Santos-Dumont?"

"Why, he was killed in the collision of his Sky-cycle with an icicle twenty years ago."

Rip's heart sank at hearing these changes among his friends and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him,

too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time and of matters he could not comprehend—airships, electricity—trips to the Moon—he had no courage to ask after other friends, but cried out in despair, “Rip Van Winkle; remember Rip Van Winkle?”

“Oh! Rip Van Winkle,” exclaimed two or three. “He was the fellow who left Peary’s ship fifty years ago in a balloon and has never been heard of since.”

The Mayor then demanded who he was and whence he came. He soon related his story; told of his discovery and the meeting with the bear, for the entire fifty years had seemed to him but one night. The people were incredulous as he told it, and some were seen to wink and point, remarking to one another, “Another case of exaggerated ego.”

A discussion now arose as to what to do with Rip, but most people simply refused to be bothered, and advised shipping Rip to the United States by the first air-line. But others believed in him, and after he was entertained in one of the gentlemen’s homes, he was questioned concerning his own plans for the future. But Rip

could tell nothing; he saw it would be useless to claim the discovery he had made, and felt that few, indeed, of this enlightened race would believe the true story of his freeze-out.

An enterprising advance-agent then spoke up and offered to place him in “Three-Paws Celebrated and Elaborate Collection of Unmitigated Freaks,” which Rip promptly accepted on condition that the original Polar Bear would be taken along. This salary and the revenue derived from his frapped peach-orchard and grape-nut vineyard he knew would keep him in luxury all his days.

The contract was accordingly signed and a dispatch to the States announced the latest discovery:

THE LATEST THAW CASE.

Rip, The Frozen Face, the Latest Product of the Frozen North, with the Original Polar Bear.

(He can give you the icy hand, the cold shoulder, and the freezing stare).

HELEN M. FRYE, D2.

JOURNEY'S END.

ON the banks of Coan River, which makes in from the broad Potomac on the Virginia shore, lies the plantation of Mantua. Plantation? Ah, no; for that name is lost with the years that are gone. Only the remains of broken happiness and former prosperity are left.

It is true, the large dwelling, with its colonial pillars and spacious rooms, still stands solid, as the day it was finished, yet its gardens and the meadows that stretch away are but tangles of briars and weeds, where the tottering, zig-zag fence, silver-gray with age, gives up in despair to the clutching tendrils of the creeper, and where the daisy blossoms undisturbed. The house itself is a typical Southern mansion and on the whole needs no description; yet there is one room there that bears a history of its own,—only a small room upstairs and far from attractive. A heavy oaken door that swings silently on its hinges guards the entrance. A narrow window overlooking a little graveyard, dimly lights the interior and discloses a damp,

mouldering fireplace with a verse scrawled above it.

The lines read thus:

"I leave nothing here for my friends to keep
But a name to hide and a memory to weep."

That is all. The room is always still. Footsteps do not echo there, and dusty cobwebs, long forsaken, festoon the corners and sway back and forth with every stray breath of wind that dares creep in.

But stand with me for a moment outside, beneath the stately elms that guard this memory of the past. Below us in the valleys stand the pines, tall and somber, whispering, whispering, never still. The sunlight is warm, a hazy, golden warmth that comes when the Summer days begin to shorten and when the golden-rod shakes out its yellow treasure over the fields. In the distance, far out on the edge of the world, where the fleecy clouds start on their journeys, is the river; a blue strip of water, stretching out under the feathery drifts.

It was such a day as this, years ago, when the
ness and the rustling corn stood tall in the flats,
cottonfields were bursting into snowy white—
that the owner of the plantation was standing
on the wide veranda, looking out over his farm.
Suddenly an old darky near him, who was pot-
tering with a pruning knife over the boxwood
hedge, called out. "Fo de lawd! Marse Henry,
who am dat comin' up de drive? Ef he doan
look like 'Lija dropped from de skies sho
'nough, wif dem long whiskers an dat coat. I
neber seen nothin' like dat befo'. Golly! Marse
Henry, he's comin' dis-a-way. I's gwine to git
out."

The stranger approached. He was an old
man, though still erect and straight, and he
merited well the description which the darky
had given him. A long coat of rusty black,
worn shiny and pitifully thin at the elbows;
trousers of the same material, slightly frayed
and dragged at the bottom; an old hat, soft and
wide-brimmed; a face beneath it, old and wrin-
kled, yet childlike in its simplicity, with a pair
of faded, blue eyes whose gaze seemed ever far
away; gray hair and a long white beard that
reached down to the third button on the shiny

black coat. This was the stranger who ad-
vanced toward the planter, lifted his hat and
bowing low, said in a faltering voice and queer
accent: "Pardon, sir; I only wish to rest, for I
have travelel far, and if I do not intrude,
sir, —."

The planter looked amazed. Intrude! He
knew no such word, and held out his hand with
a smile of welcome that caused the tired face
before him to light for a moment with grati-
tude.

"Such welcome, sir, is strange to me," said
the old man. "Over there, beyond the setting
sun," and he pointed out toward the Bay, "long
ago I was respected and loved. A river, broad
and placid flowed silently to the sea, and a won-
drous city was pictured in its depths. 'Twas
there I lived and ruled, and as often as the sun
dipped in the West, so often was that city
bathed in fire and the river turned to gold. I
was young then and strong, my people loved
me, and"—his voice trembled—"there was one
whom I loved, and with a love that would reach
out beyond the farthest star. But, alas! a
plague swept through the city, silently as the
placid river, yet irresistible as its steady flow,

and—she—she was among the first to fall. Hundreds followed, while I, blinded by my sorrow and heedless of my danger, worked on to aid those who suffered. Many fled, leaving everything. I was the last to depart, yet my life was spared, and as I left, the setting sun in mockery bathed that city in flames and again the river was turned to gold. Since then I have—but he started as if frightened, cast a surprised glance at the trees around him and at the planter who had been listening in wonder. “Such welcome,” he resumed with a smile, “is strange to me, for I am an old man and the journey has been too fatiguing, I fear.”

The planter helped him up the marble steps to the wide, cool porch, and there they sat talking till the crimson clouds in the west had turned to purple and the long shadows had melted into the soft twilight of evening. The old man seemed more feeble now, and accepted the urgent invitation to stay there the night, though protesting that he must be up and off early, for ’twould be a long day’s journey before him. When asked his name, he only shook his head sadly and said, “It matters not. No one cares to hear it now, for I am but an old

man, and all that was dearest to me is gone. Yet I have sought for years and still I seek—seek—without rest. I have nothing now and I leave nothing for my friends to keep but a name to *hide* and a memory to weep.” He did not seem certain of his destination—simply it was “up the road a bit,” so the planter did not question.

At supper, the servants eyed the stranger curiously, half in mirth, half in awe. “Marse Whiskers,” they called him when discussing him in the kitchen. “He sho’ ain’t no common man,” said one. And another, “He look to me laik he could turn yo’ all into tree-frawgs, ef he jist was to maik some signs ovah yo’ haid and mumble somethin’. Whar yo’ spose he gwine to sleep tonight? Young Marse and his friends is got all de spare rooms ’cept de little one. Like ’nough Marse Henry gwine to put him in dere.”

When supper was finished, the gay company trooped out into the hall with merry laughter, out in the starlight or into the parlor to the harpsichord to sing or dance. The planter called a servant. “Here,” he said, “light this gentleman up to his room.” The darky’s knees shook and his eyes were bulging as he mounted

the narrow stairway at the rear of the hall, with the very person behind him, for this was the servant who had expressed his opinion of the "tree-frawgs" in the kitchen. He expected every moment to find himself in the shape of a toad, hopping about on the floor. However, he saw the oaken door closed on his charge before anything happened; then he turned and fled.

Left alone, the old man set his candle on a little stand near the fireplace, then he took off his coat, carefully smoothed out the wrinkles and laid it over the back of a chair. Suddenly a strange feeling crept over him, his head throbbed, the air was stifling, but it soon passed off, and going to the bed he sank weakly upon it and slept.

The candle burned shorter and shorter, and gradually the merry voices below become silent. A soft "good-night," faint footsteps on the stairs, the closing of a door, and the house was quiet. The candle flickered for one instant, then the flame shortened, and the charred wick toppled over into the melted wax; and the room was dark, save for a patch of moonlight on the floor. The plaintive calling of a distant whip-poorwill floated faintly through the open win-

dow, and from the nearer trees the chipping of the katydids was borne in on the straying wind.

The sleeper moved, started up, staring wildly about him in the half light, and, standing, moved unsteadily to the window. There he knelt and looked out into the night.

The moon was white and cold above him and the stars shone with equal brightness. The river in the distance was turned to dull silver. He stretched out a hand toward the sky, to the brightest star there, and bent his gaze on it like an ancient worshiper. A half audible murmur came from his lips: "Twas her star—our star. Together we watched it and together said that while it burned in the skies above us, our love should burn as brightly." The voice broke, and a tear glistened on his wrinkled cheek. "And, oh, star!" he whispered, "stretching both his thin, gaunt hands to it, "thou hast not fallen, and I know she waits for me there, for my love burns far brighter than thy dazzling rays, and tomorrow my journey will be over."

He turned from the window, still talking, half incoherently. "I leave nothing here for my friends to keep, but a name to hide and a memory to weep." He repeated this over and over,

again and again, then fumbling in his coat, tottered to the fireplace and wrote the words above it on the wall. Again the strange feeling crept over him, his head throbbed and the air was stifling. He started for the window, but fell limply to the floor, where the moonlight shone down. A smile lit his face, he half-lifted his hand to his star and was still. But the star knew and sent a silver ray to kiss the pale forehead, for the journey's end was reached.

They found him there in the morning where he had fallen, a smile fixed on the white face, and tenderly they lifted him from the floor. He was buried in the little graveyard near the house, and though the marble slab above him was dated, yet it is still without a name. Years have passed since then and the story is almost forgotten; but the little room still bears the verse above the fireplace, and sometimes on a Summer night when the plaintive call of a distant whippoorwill floats up from the valley, a star, the brightest in the sky, looks down through the window, and burns still brighter as it remembers.

"VICTORY BEFORE US."

(To the Air of "Marching Through Georgia.")

UNFURL the gray and crimson, boys,
A battlefield's in view;
A mighty army's massed beneath
A flag of white and blue:
But with "Technical!" our warcry,
And with hearts so true and brave,
Victory is always before us.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Technical we sing;
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll make the echoes ring,
And the flag of gray and crimson
To the breezes we will fling—
Victory is always before us.

From East to West we'll travel, boys,
From East to West we'll win,
Though foes are all around us,
We will fight through thick and thin;
With the gray and crimson flying,
We are eager to begin—
Victory is always before us.

MORNING.

THE gloom of night is broken,
And a glimmer, faint, of dawn
Comes stealing as a token of another day
new-born.

For the glimmer now a-glowing,
And the gilded tints of red,
Make plain to all those knowing
That the sun is out of bed.

But soon there comes a-darting
From the east, a golden ray,
And morning mists, departing,
Turn the dawning into day.

G. E. MIDDLETON, '07.



THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

IT was an evening in April, about half past eleven, that the Reverend Joshua Stubbs was sitting in his nightshirt, and with bare feet, on the wet tin roof of the kitchen. Although it was April, it seemed to him to be November; it was drizzling, and turned colder and colder. The Reverend Joshua appeared to be very much disturbed, for his face indicated great distress. But what was the reason for

such an expression, and for his appearance in such undignified garb? No person was near him, but his eyes were intently fixed on something quite near him, as he sat propped up against the chimney, gazing through the window by which he had lately made his hasty exit. You wonder why we find the Reverend Joshua just at this time in this unpreacherlike attitude?

The reason was this: Being a bachelor, he had very willingly promised his sister to come here to her house and remain in it over night, in order that she might take her children (aged five and eight) to town for an enjoyable evening. This house was situated very near—in fact, just outside—the grounds of the institution known as the Zoo. Now, furthermore, when the Reverend Joshua was in the car which took him to his sister's, he was told that a very large bear had escaped from the Zoo. Many persons on the car became alarmed at this piece of news, but Mr. Stubbs, being quite an absent-minded person, soon forgot about the latest report and walked leisurely on to his sister's house, where he slipped in through the back door. After going up stairs and preparing to retire, he decided to go to his sister's room and get a book.

With a confident tread he walked up to the bookcase, selected a book, and then just as he was leaving the room his eye was suddenly caught by something. What was it? His heart beat violently; all was as quiet as could be, but the sight which the poor palpitating Reverend

Joshua beheld in the corner of the room was a gigantic bear and four little cubs! Do we wonder that this quiet, dignified minister was so overcome that he could not even compose himself enough to offer up a prayer?

The shock was terrible, but at last it dawned upon him that the large bear was the one which he had been informed had escaped from the Zoo. He could not encounter the bear; he was helpless—what could he do? As the first thing, he bolted hastily down the hallway, having a feeling that the big mother bear was right at his heels and that it would only be a second before he was devoured. Such thrills of horror ran through him that it was not until he had jumped through the window at the end of the hall that he realized that he had landed on a cold, inhospitable tin roof, surrounded only by a cold rain. It was in this predicament that we found the Reverend Joshua at the beginning of our tragedy. Never had he been in such a nervous state, and his mind was so upset that he could hardly think of one move to make.

At last he decided that he had only two means of escape—he had either to get rid of the bears and climb back into the house, or else he would

be obliged to stay out in the rain in this decidedly uncomfortable lodging all night. If he chose the latter alternative he would lose all of his cherished dignity. Therefore there seemed no other way than to kill the bears, and even the thought of this cruel action prayed upon his mind. And then, how could the deed be accomplished? That was the main thing, after he had made up his mind to do it. At last, sudden courage came to him; he remembered having seen a real revolver in the dresser drawer when he was retiring. Now, if he could only secure it and not let the bear hear him. He slowly put one leg over the window sill, then the other, and then—at the sound of a sudden movement, sprang with gawky haste to the roof again, to find on listening that it had only been the pattering of the rain. Now he bravely got both feet inside of the house and then sneaked on tiptoes into the room, snatched the revolver and flew back to the window. He now felt quite comfortable and gained enough courage to turn and peer at the bears. Yes, from here he could see them, still huddled together just as he had left them, sound asleep, but he couldn't be sure that they might not wake at any moment and

crave for blood. Realizing well now that "Opportunities are very sensitive things; if we slight them on their first visit we seldom see them again," he raised the revolver, and aimed it at one of the cubs, as the easiest to kill, but soon lowered it again, for he remembered that he had heard somewhere that a mother bear will fight like all conscience for her little ones. Then must the mother be his first victim. With this decision he knew that with her once laid low, he would be conqueror over all. So stretching the weapon out at arm's length and averting his head, he fired. A slight movement of the monster and she lay still—quite dead! Quickly he fired four more shots, and at each a poor cub quivered and lay still, very close to the mother.

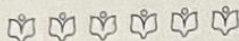
At last the deed was done, but the Reverend Joshua was very much amazed. He knew that he had accomplished what he had intended to do, but he had expected a resistance and possibly a fight. But no! here he had killed five bears and he could not even detect a stream of blood coming from them. The first fact was enough to make him proud; he had shot five times and killed a bear with each shot. He felt a righteous glow of pride. This

glow recalled the lack of glow of the wet roof. However, with all his pride, he was afraid to go back and encounter that spot where he knew the bears lay. Could they be shamming, and only waiting to spring out on him when he should be off his guard? He stood and hesitated, then started and returned. He felt that he couldn't have really killed his five victims in five shots.

But, finally, in the same manner as when he had made a start for the revolver, he cautiously put one leg over the window sill, then the other, and sneaked back. Yes, sneaked slowly, but steadily, up on the bears. As he stood a few

yards from them, the light from the hall chandelier cast a ghastly glow on the pale corpses. At last he gained courage to walk nearer, then stared, came a little closer, stared again, and then the most undignified of conquerors sat down suddenly on the floor and the next moment burst into a paroxysm of laughter. What on earth was the matter? Could he who had suffered such misery and apprehension at last find amusement in the discovery that he had killed, yes, cruelly murdered, his little nephew's five Teddy bears?

—M. M. Moss, '07.



MY BOOKS.

WHEN out of patience with myself at most,
And all at odds with the great world
without,
The courage lost which once had been my
boast,
And my whole being plunged in vaguest
doubt,—

Then turn I to my books, as to friends tried—
Proved sterling in the fires of discontent;

Sure of that solace oft by men denied
For loneliness wherein my life is spent:

Living in them a life I've only dreamed,
Moving among them as myself a part
Of that which is more real than ever seemed
To him who's not a dream within his heart.

For when one loves such books as I have loved,
No joy can greater be than this has proved.
M. CAMERON, '07.

SLATES AND SLATE-PENCILS.

(With Apologies to Charles Lamb.)

*Page
One
Hundred
and
Fifteen*

EGO and his son Mou lived in a small village near the town Therpa. There were about ten houses in this little village, all one story high and covered with slate roofs. It happened one day that while Aego was in the forest on a hunt, the chimney (for all of the houses had fireplaces and chimneys, too) caught on fire. Mou, not knowing just what to do, and fearing that the house would burn down, ran wildly about and gazed at the smoke issuing from the smokestack. Finally, when the fire had ceased, he climbed to the edge of the roof by the aid of a pole, and from there up to the chimney. No harm had been done, so he slid down to the edge of the roof. To make sure that the fire was really out he took one more look up at the chimney. He saw no smoke, but to his great surprise he saw two long marks, white as snow, on the side of the roof.

He knew that they were not there when he had last looked, so he decided to see if another fire would make more lines. He filled the chim-

ney full of straw and builded the fire anew. The fire went out, and yet no lines appeared on the smooth, gray surface of the roof, and thinking that possibly the fire was not yet out, he went to the top of the roof to see. However, it was out; so down he slid again, very much disappointed. On looking up as before, the same lines and another set besides shone forth. Finally it dawned upon his slow understanding that it must have been his shoes that had made the marks, and gleefully he began drawing figures with his feet until he had the roof covered.

About this time his father started home, for a storm was coming up, and when he arrived he found his son in tears, for what he knew not. On questioning, he found that his son thought that he had made figures on the roof, but that now there were none to be seen. Of course, his father doubted this, but to prove it Mou climbed to the roof and drew figures with his feet again. His father was much pleased, but cautioned

him to keep secret what he had discovered, as the neighbors might accuse them of sorcery. The greatest surprise of all came in the morning, when, after a heavy rain, they again looked at the roof and found that it was as clean as it had been after the storm the day before. They then came to the conclusion that it was the rain that had obliterated the marks.

In spite of their efforts, the whole town soon knew of the discovery which they had made, and promptly began to put it to practical uses. Flat roofs were made on many of the houses and schools held there, while thrifty housewives used the tops of their houses for memoranda. It was some time, however, before they discovered that it was not necessary to wait for a rain each time when they wanted to erase the marks. By the use of these roofs, much paper was saved and the paper factories had to shut down.

D. S. PLATT, '07.

"THE GRAND OLD SCHOOL."

(To the air of "The Grand Old Flag.")

There's a school in this old city,
'Tis to it I sing this ditty—

'Tis the best old school in all the world,
Or any place on earth.

We, her sons, will ever love her
Just as true as stars above her,
And we'll honor her above all else;
For her we'll strive for fame,
We love to hear loud shouts ring out,
For Tech is still advancing—
Her banners dancing—

'Tis Tech! 'Tis Tech!

We'll win the game today!
And that's going some,
For it's *Technical*, by gum;
The red and the gray
Point out the way.
To the honors to be won.

CHORUS: 'Tis a grand old school,
The exception to the rule;
She's the school that the boys all love,
And the emblem of the school we love
We'll wear till our hearts grow cold.
For our school we'll try to win honor or die,
And we hope when we leave its fold
That *Technical* will ever stand
For its true worth in weight of gold.

G. F. PUSHAW, '07.

MANUAL TRAINING



MANUAL TRAINING.

MANUAL training work was first introduced into the schools of Washington in the year 1885-1886, when Prof. Koyl, of the Central High School, gave lessons in carpentry after school hours to some few of his pupils in physics. The complete equipment consisted of but one work-bench and a few simple wood-working tools; the lessons being conducted in the basement of the school. Prof. Koyl planned a definite course of instruction and under his excellent leadership the boys progressed rapidly in their work, the class having more than doubled by the end of that year.

The success of this first year's work was realized to such an extent by the school authorities that a special teacher of manual training was appointed for the succeeding school year. This was Walter G. Wesson, a graduate of Worcester Tech. His efforts in the work met with encouragement from the Principal and Superintendent, and classes were formally started, the work being, of course, still optional. The boys of these classes did not have the conveniences we boys today have. Mr. Wesson says that

when he started work he and some of the pupils went to a lumber-yard to buy wood and the boys carried the boards on their shoulders back to school.

At the close of Mr. Wesson's successful year, Mr. J. A. Chamberlain, our present Director of Manual Training, also a graduate of Worcester Tech., became instructor of this work. The advancement was so great that two assistants were appointed under Mr. Chamberlain and the shops were changed from the Central School to a separate building on O street across from the High School. This old frame building was a poor excuse for a manual training school, but the enthusiasm of teachers and pupils readily outweighed any inconveniences. The adjoining building was soon added to the first one obtained, and in September, 1890, there were complete though limited equipments for all shops and for the mechanical-drawing department also.

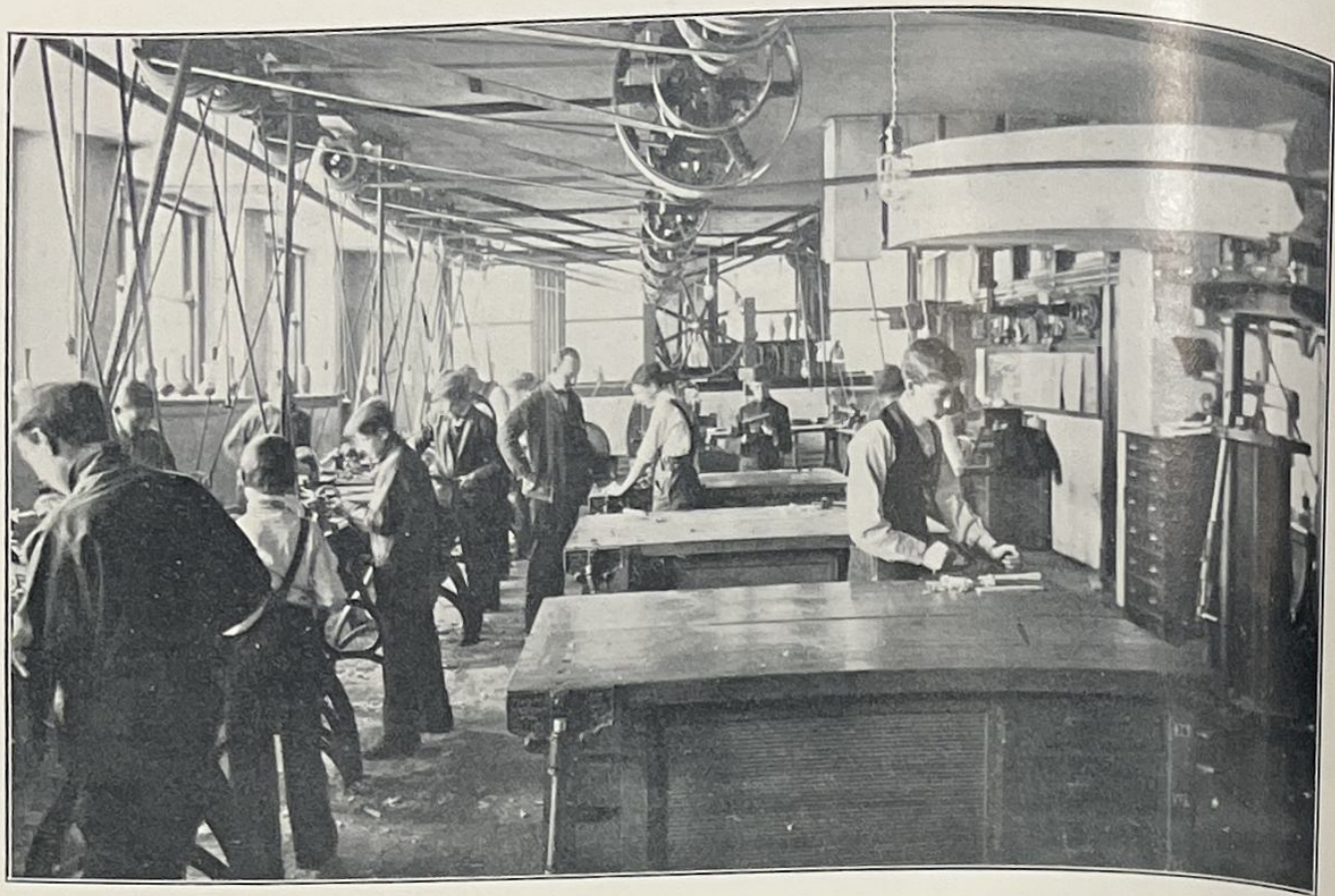
Mr. Gardner, our first Principal, was one of the first teachers of the school, he having taught in all four of the manual training subjects.

From 1890 to 1893 Mr. Gardner was instructor of wood-turning and mechanical drawing. In 1893 Mr. Hayes took this position, teaching wood-turning one-half of the year and mechanical drawing the other half. Mr. Gardner then taught forging for one year until Mr. Skinner came to the school in '94 as head of all the shops. From '94 to '95 Mr. Gardner was in the machine-shop and the following year he was employed in the office, which was the little room where Tech's. copper-shop is now.

Mr. White filled the position of Mr. Hayes as teacher of wood-turning in 1897, although he had been connected with the school for two years previous to this as instructor of bench work. The wood-turning shop was situated in what is now the first year physics laboratory, with an equipment of sixteen lathes and four benches. The forging was done in the present old boiler room back in the alley, where there were sixteen fairly-good forges under the care of Mr. Birch. The machinery was located in the room adjoining the forge-shop and had in all seven lathes, a shaper, planer, upright drill press, two benches, and a reasonable assortment of tools.

The mechanical drawing was not slow in advancing either. The drawing tables used, sixteen in number, were of the kind now used in the free-hand drawing rooms. The boards were kept in one case in the hall, and as each class entered there was usually a general free-for-all scramble, each boy after his own board. Mr. Hayes came to the school in 1893 as mechanical drawing teacher, remaining in this position until the new school was completed.

The manual training work was still, of course, under the wing of Central, and in 1893 a definite "technical" course was planned and put into effect. Five years later a two-year course was adopted, allowing more time for shop work. As soon as this technical course was made, demands for a large new building were begun. Twice the Board of Education appealed to Congress to purchase land and build a school, but without success. Substitutes were offered by Congress, such as remodeling the Henry Grammar School, but only a good, new building would satisfy those back of the scheme. Some strong arguments used in persuading Congress were, that many of the graduates of the technical course had become assist-



ant machinists in the gun-shops of the Washington Navy Yard,—aiding greatly in the rapid manufacturing of guns during our war with Spain. Finally, the money was appropriated and work begun in October, 1900. During this year we were organized as a separate school, but still more or less under Central. In September two years later, the McKinley Manual Training School began work in the new building with shops and a mechanical-drawing room that we can well be proud of.

Wood-turning is the first shop work the boys obtain on entering Tech. It is work which nearly all enjoy and soon become interested in. After one year in the shop, we are able to make anything from the smallest cuff button to a good sized hat-rack. An interesting fact is, that a few of the girls of our school have taken wood-turning and in most cases do as well as the average boy. Mr. White tells us that since he has been at the head of this work, at least twenty girls have taken either wood-turning or the bench work.

If the girls of Central who visit our school during exhibition are to be believed—the wood-turning shop, with its fine display of work,

with the lathes going as hard as they ever have and proud freshmen back of them turning out their best work; the display of palms and electric lights mingled with these and greatly add to the appearance of the shop—if these visitors are to be believed, our wood-turning shop is the most interesting part of the school.

Much credit is due Mr. White, who has been instructor of wood-turning ever since he accepted the position in 1897, for the excellent way he has managed this department. A valuable addition to the shop has been a \$200 band-saw, which saves much time, labor and material. In the addition to our school Mr. White hopes to have a perfect modernly equipped shop with every lathe run by a separate small motor of its own.

The shop work of the second year boys is forging. Mr. Birch is instructor of this work, and is "a product of the school in which he teaches." The boys, in forging, are able to do good work, as one could readily see on viewing the display in the shop. After going through the series of exercises, all of which are practical pieces, the last being a heavy log chain, each boy makes his own set of machine lathe tools to



be used the following year. When these are finished the pupil is at liberty to make any special piece he may wish. In this line there has been some very fine work turned out, in the form of open-fireplace sets, simple and also some very artistic andirons, well designed door-knockers, ornamental hinges, brackets, and escutcheons, carving-knives, small axes, tongs, hammers, and heavy sledges. There is also at present a good-sized anchor (made by the pupils of our school) hanging in the forge shop.

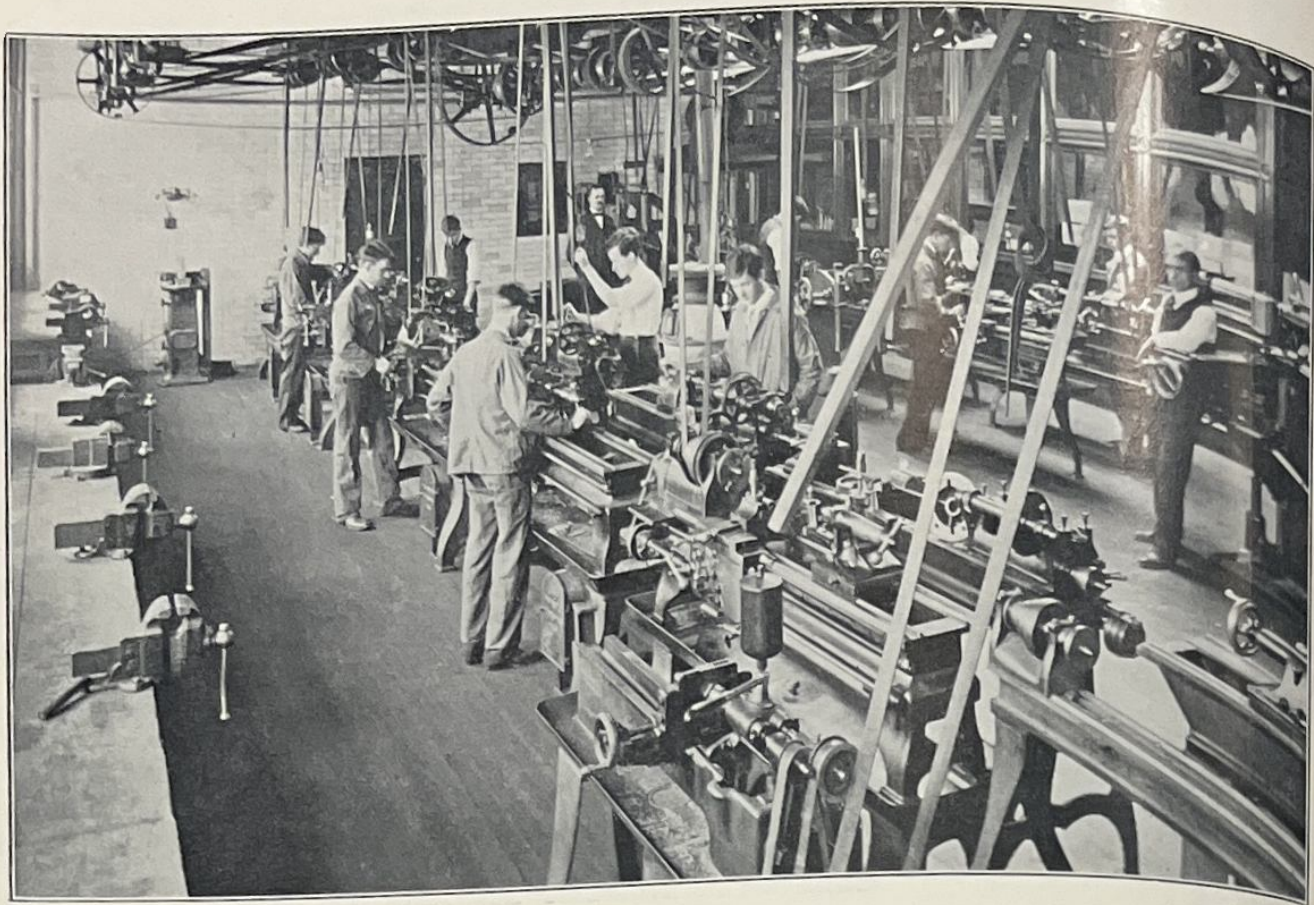
Mr. Birch was teaching forging when we entered the new building, but he was soon given an assistant in the person of John Beall, whom we all know so well as Tech's great baseball player. Mr. Beall was with our school as a teacher for two and a half years. His place was taken and is still held by Mr. Piggott, also one of Tech's former pupils.

There are at present twenty forges in the forge shop, and they are the best, for their use, to be had. The heavy power hammer that was added to the shop's equipment a short time ago has saved the boys a good deal of heavy pounding. Although the last few days of June spent in the forge shop are often rather hot and dis-

agreeable, the work, on the whole, is enjoyable and very interesting.

The last shop work which the four-year course boys take two years of, and the two-year course boys devote their whole last year to, is machine lathe work. The machine shop seems to have a distinctive air about it that raises it above the other shops. The very complex nature of the machines seem to add to the seriousness of the place. Freshman and sophomore gaze in at the shop door and wonder when the time will come when they will be able to operate such lathes.

There are fifteen lathes in the machine-shop, four of which are first-class, modern Hendy lathes, which we boys are often so desirous to have that half of our lunch is saved until some other time so that we may get in the shop early to claim one of these machines for our own during that lesson. The other more important machines in the shop are a sensitive drill press, one heavy drill press, two shapers, two grindstones, one electric saw, one grinding machine, one centering machine, one heavy planer, and two milling machines. The larger of the two millers is a recent addition to the shop that is



surely a machine to be proud of. It is a \$1,600 Brown and Sharp miller, with all the fine modern attachments. The tool room is, of course, an important factor of the shop, but to describe what it contains is an impossibility. There is everything necessary to a good shop, from the smallest drill to the heavy lathe-chuck, or the neat electric emery wheel attachment for lathes, all carefully and systematically arranged, due to the efforts of Mr. Sunderland.

The different kind of work turned out by the boys of the machine-shop is beyond explanation. There are but one or two exercises made which are not in themselves of some practical use. Much of the work done is in form of simple pieces used around the shop; as lathe centers, spur gears, mandrels, set screws, and pinions. Some of the more difficult work done is twist drills, taps, reamers, milling machine cutters, calipers, and some few other special tools.

After one year of work the boys are usually able to work without much instruction, but there are often quite serious and discouraging accidents that make one wish that he was any place rather than in this shop.

An exceedingly valuable room has been given

to the uses of the machine-shop where the boys can better listen to lectures on shop practice and incidentally take an examination once in a while. There is no doubt that many serious and at times disappointing hours are spent in class room 23, otherwise known as the shower-bath room.

When the new school was occupied, Mr. Skinner kept his position as machine-shop teacher, and in 1903 Mr. Hecox was appointed as assistant. Mr. Skinner left us, however, and Mr. Hecox immediately became head. For a short time the place of assistant was filled by Mr. Beall, but the end of the year found us without any second teacher in the shop. The beginning of this year, 1906, Mr. Sunderland, of the United States Navy Yard shops, came to our school to help Mr. Hecox in instructing the boys, and he has already become a part of the school, as leader of our well-trained orchestra and as our shop teacher, to such an extent that we feel he has been with us all along.

I cannot finish this discussion of the manual training work at Tech without some mention of Mr. Thompson, who has been connected with the school longer than any other person, with

the exception of Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Gardner has said that, "No history of this school would be complete without some reference to Henry R. Thompson, who has grown up with it as its engineer and instructor in the management of boilers, engines, and electric machinery, and occasional instructor in every branch of shop practice. Mr. Thompson may be called with propriety 'a natural born mechanic.' His genius for making things and for making things 'run' has been a large factor in the successful operation of the school."

We leave the shop work now and consider our mechanical-drawing department. Some boys dislike the work in the shops, or probably only feel discouraged with it at times, but we all enjoy mechanical drawing all the time. Every study hour which we do not care to use is spent in drawing, and where the study hours are numerous and conveniently placed we take a course of major drawing.

I think we can safely say that there is nothing in the average field of drafting and mechanical drawing in general which the students at Tech can not undertake. The boys of the first year begin with simple tracings, and then take up

isometric and cabinet projections. A little work in regular orthographic projections is taken up at the end of the year and is continued through the entire second year. The third-year work is all intersections and developments. The drawing of the fourth year boys, and of those taking major work, is usually of most interest to the visitors of the school. Indeed, the display during the two days of exhibition is one we can speak of with pride. There are drawings of large locomotives, with all details; of modern launches, and sailing vessels; some well drawn and very well colored maps; large electrical machines of complex design; steel bridges, cars, and structural work of every description; original plans and designs of buildings of every sort; also some well drawn patent work; and finally there are drawings with complete shadings of Doric and Ionic columns and copies of the old Grecian temples.

There are two large, well-lighted rooms for mechanical drawing with a total of forty desks; each desk having twelve drawing boards, twelve small drawers for instruments, and two T-squares. The desks were made from a design especially prepared for the school," and are

the best to be had.

Until we entered the new building, Mr. Hayes was instructor of mechanical drawing. In 1902 he resigned, and his position was filled by Mr. M. R. Woodward, with Mr. H. P. Illman as assistant. In 1904 a third teacher, Mr. Schultze, was appointed. When Mr. Schultze, who is a graduate of Tech, resigned in 1904 Mr. Miller took his place. Mr. Illman also left us in 1904, and now both Mr. Miller and Mr. Woodward are gone, their positions being filled by Mr. C. W. Rippey, as head, and W. A. Oleson, a graduate of Tech in 1905, as assistant. In the resignation of Mr. Woodward we have lost a teacher

whom we were proud to own as a member of the faculty. Mr. Woodward was liked by all the boys with whom he had any connection; they simply couldn't help liking him.

It is the Manual Training Department that makes our school stand apart from the other schools of the city, and it is the manual training work that takes a boy and in four years' time has started him well on the right road in life. No attempt is made in this school to teach any trade whatsoever. "The purpose of this department is that of every other department of the school—to do its part in the general development of the pupil."

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MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

THE McKinley Manual Training School is an institution which has a course not only containing the prescribed studies of all high schools (with the exception of Greek and Latin), but also embracing instruction in manual training. This department of the school is not only for the benefit of the boys, but the girls as well, and in it they learn many val-

uable and interesting facts. The course enables the girls to put the theories which they are taught into actual practice, and obtain substantial and useful results. The department has two divisions, Domestic Science and Domestic Art, and either of these gives to a girl a knowledge which every young lady should possess. The McKinley School has no ambition to turn

out either professional housekeepers and cooks or dressmakers and milliners, but to train every girl who graduates to be able to keep a house well or to make a hat and gown, if necessary.

The Domestic Science Department in the schools of Washington originated in Central High School in 1887 under the direction of Miss Emma Jacobs. The rooms set apart for this work were first at 626 O street, N. W., but were moved from one place to another until they were finally located in 607 and 609 O street. The subject of Domestic Science was elective to the students; two hours a week were required for the work, and no credit toward a diploma was given for this knowledge. Under such circumstances, and owing to the pressure of other studies, it is not surprising that the number of students diminished until it became too small to admit of the continuation of the work. The course was given up for the time, but hope was not lost.

With the opening of our new school, in 1901, that department was again established, and Miss Marian White was appointed to act as teacher, but owing to the small room and crowded classes, the course was limited. The

Domestic Science rooms were still at 607 O street, as the Manual Training School was even then a part of Central, and there was no room in the Central building for its accommodation; but when, in 1902, our new building was ready to be occupied, the classes were not crowded, there was plenty of space, and the instructors were enabled to take up the work as planned. In 1903 Miss Cross was appointed assistant, and in that same year several girls were qualified to become teachers in Domestic Science.

The course is, essentially, as follows: For the first year, we have cookery and theory; for the second year, cookery, the planning and serving of meals, and housework as applied to the kitchen; for the third year, canning and preserving of foods, laundry work and housework as applied to the dining-room; and for the fourth year, fancy cookery, tests for various compounds in foods, elementary physiology, and home nursing. This plan has been followed as nearly as possible for several years now, and it is evident that such a course is, indeed, very beneficial to any American woman.

The Domestic Art has two sub-divisions—Dress-making and Millinery, where things



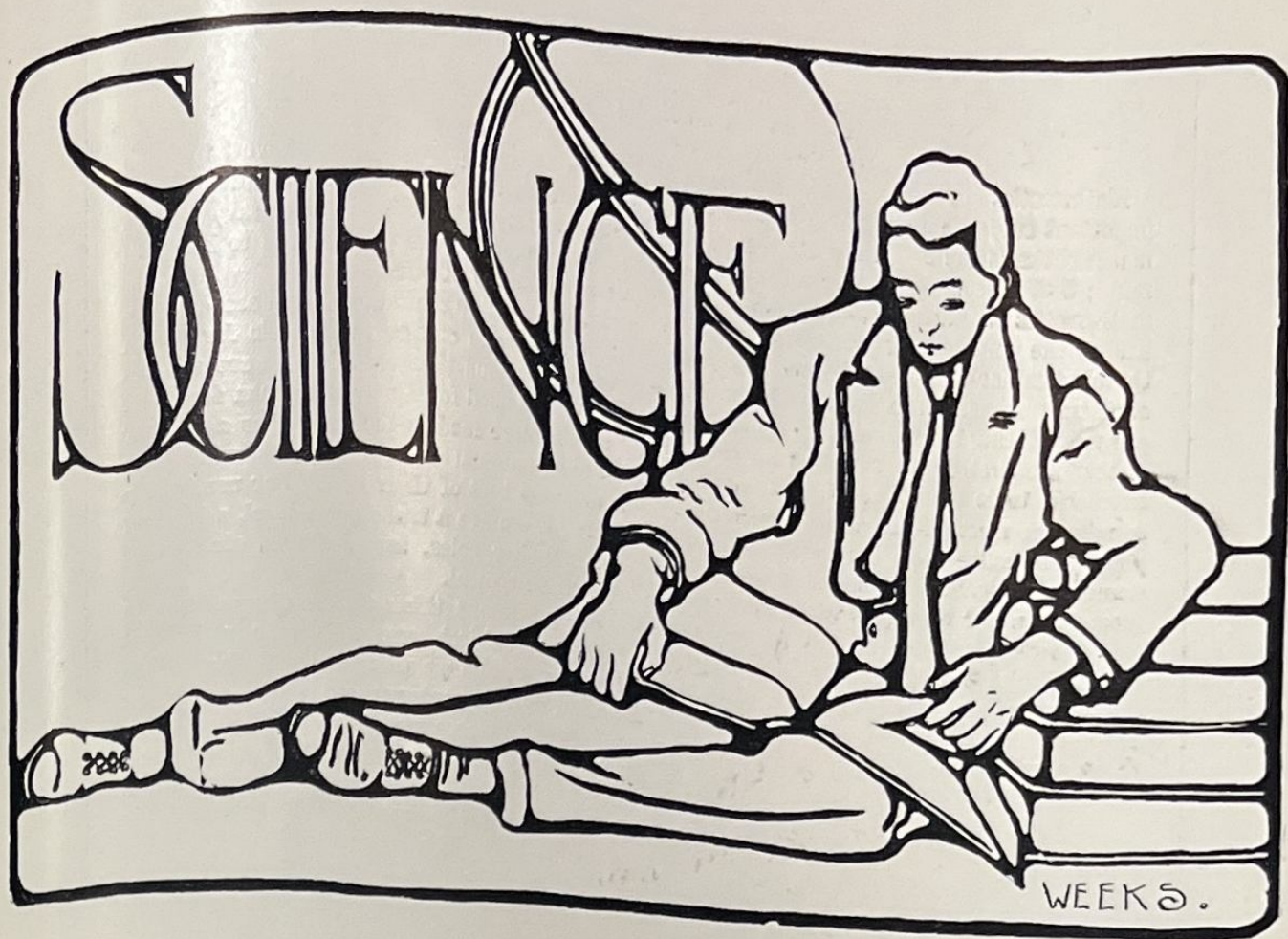
which every girl must learn some time in her life are taught. The department was organized in 1902 by Mrs. M. W. Cate. Miss Draney and Miss Solomons were at first the only teachers in this branch of training, but in 1903 Mrs. Calhoun joined the force. In 1904 Miss Draney resigned, as many of our teachers do, to get married, and Miss Dalton was appointed in her place. Miss Solomons, Mrs. Calhoun and Miss Dalton are now at work, under the direction of Mrs. Cate, instructing the girls in this branch of manual training with very great success.

A glance into the room where the workers in Domestic Art are employed is evidence of the popularity of this department. During every school period the room is crowded with eager seamstresses and milliners, and it is with difficulty that the teachers can get around to give

the necessary instructions to the pupils. Here it is that plain-sewing, dressmaking, tailoring, and millinery are taught, and a study of fabrics and textiles pursued.

While the aim of this department is to fit the students to be useful and economical workers in the home, it is gratifying to know that graduates from this course are able to successfully fill positions, and in this way make a livelihood. Beginning with the first fundamentals of needle-work, the pupils proceed step by step until they are proficient in the making of complete, fashionable garments, and well-finished, artistic headgear. As was remarked by one of the many ladies who have visited our school, "It is here, in the Domestic Art Department, that our girls learn to make everything they wear, except shoes and stockings."

MC KINLEY HIGH SCHOOL
LIBRARY



MATHEMATICS.

Mathematics is for several reasons the most important subject taught at our school. That mathematics is the best study for training the mind; that all colleges require a knowledge of mathematics for entrance and that every member of the engineering profession must be thoroly familiar with it, are the most important of these reasons. With four recitation hours per week during the second year and five hours during the first, third and fourth years, we have time to do the amount of work necessary to meet the most difficult requirements for admission to college. To be specific, we study elementary algebra in our first year, plain geometry in our second, solid geometry, plain and spherical trigonometry and surveying in our third, and in our last year finish spherical trigonometry and study as much college algebra and analytic geometry as college entrance requirements make necessary and time makes possible. In the first year of the two-year course business arithmetic is studied. This is not all necessary for admission to most colleges, but for the mental training it gives, and for

the great help it is likely to prove in college mathematics, it is almost always advisable to take it. However, it is only necessary to take first and second year mathematics to be graduated from any of our courses.

Students taking solid geometry are each required to make one or two models for use in proving various theorems. These are all preserved and used for illustration when desirable. Besides these models the school has a number of mathematical reference books which are among the best of their kind. For use in surveying there are a transit, a Y-level, a leveling rod, ranging poles, tapes, chains, etc., all of which are typical.

Many persons think that mathematics is a very dry subject, one without any interest whatsoever, and we all agreed with them when we ran into elementary mathematics and began filling out algebra note books, with examples that usually were so easy that they were merely a quantity of writing. When we did find a difficult problem we were usually too sleepy to work it out. The monotonous units, units,

units of elementary algebra gave so many of us a distaste for mathematics that we would not have taken it the next year if we had not been required to do so.

Imagine our surprise when we found that geometry was so easy that for many of us it simply meant the memorizing of a theorem and the hasty reading of the proof. Occasionally we would find one that was more difficult, or perhaps an original would be assigned; but these were always interesting, even after the teacher had told us that they would be so. Notwithstanding this, the next year many dropped mathematics, and so never knew how very easy solid geometry and trigonometry were; in fact, some who took it share this sad fate. Even those who enjoyed (?) it were haunted and pestered with trigonometry formulas, only the ghosts of which are left to most of us, after the most thoro drills, including formula matches. Neither did the unfortunates who dropped mathematics have a chance to enjoy the surveying trips we took, and were thus deprived of the pleasures of holding a parasol over the teacher or of hunting wild strawberries for her. Worst of all, they missed the pleasure of

running across a hot field to get a ranging pole or "toting" a heavy transit back to school. On some pleasant ground near Connecticut Avenue and Woodley Lane we learned to use tapes and chains in measuring lines; the transit, etc., in measuring areas, and the level and leveling rod in measuring the differences in height. In this latter we measured the difference in height between a point and itself and found it, sometimes, to be about four hundredths of a foot. This was the error caused by sighting and changing the instrument around a circle three or four hundred yards in circumference until we got back to where we started from. This may seem to be but a small amount of practical work, but I, for one, found the knowledge gained very useful when working in a corps during the ensuing Summer. There are a couple of things more that we learned during the third year that, while not in the mathematical course, were cultivated by our teachers just the same. I mean the speaking of English with mathematical accuracy and the use of the imagination. The first was drilled into us at all times and places; the second was developed during examinations and during surveying,

but mostly in the latter case; for here we were required to see a lake. Two marking pegs were stuck in the ground, and we were told that a lake lay between them. We were required to find the distance between two points on opposite shores of the lake without the use of boats or swimming; moreover, the lake was too deep to wade across. We were told that in some places it was perhaps ninety feet deep. I am certain that had the lake been any more material than the imaginations of some of us were immaterial, many of us would have had wet clothing, or perhaps even been drowned; and this statement includes the teacher, for I have often seen her walk upon the water—that is, provided it was water where she walked.

Finally, it was time to decide whether to take fourth year mathematics, and notwith-

standing the fact the third year mathematics had proved to be far from dry, there were only a few left this year to laugh when some one would be unable to tell that X divided by 2 equals one-half X , or when we were told with all gravity that when we put 23 for X the equation vanished. Few were left to enjoy seeing the teacher make a mistake or to watch him go to the board and deliberately write what he did not mean, erase it and write the same thing over again, and, finally, after a third or fourth trial, and with the assistance of a muttered "Pshaw," get it the way he wanted it. These and many other things, not including reports, have made mathematics so enjoyable that many of us will in future years wish we were back in the same old seats, passing or flunking—usually flunking—in the same old way.



CHEMISTRY.

CHEMISTRY is one of the most important subjects taught at the McKinley Manual Training School, for we fully realize that the ability of a student to give, in a clear, con-

cise way, an account of his experiments is of great value to him.

The Department of Chemistry of Tech was started in the laboratories at Central High



School, before our building was completed. Now we have a laboratory which ranks with the very best to be found in secondary schools; for in building it no necessary expense was spared to make it clean, attractive and complete.

The elementary or beginners' course, which is given in the first year, is complete in itself. Four periods a week are required of every pupil, the course giving them a general knowledge of elementary chemistry and pointing out its most common applications. The relation of chemistry to the Department of Physics furnishes interesting study for part of the course. The chemistry of fuels, the study of the most useful metals, with their compounds, and such topics, are especially interesting for the boys, while the chemistry of dyeing and bleaching, the making of soap and other like subjects are dwelt upon for the girls, in order to give a scientific foundation for much of the work in domestic science. The laboratory work is given a prominent place in this course. Knowledge of elementary chemistry is gained through a series of carefully-planned experiments, each succeeding experiment involving a knowledge

of the preceding one. Their relationship is thus plainly shown. The pupils are required to keep a record of each experiment in a note book, which is examined by the instructor. Before taking up an experiment in the laboratory, its importance and object are discussed in the class room, and after its performance, the pupil is required to give the purpose and plan of the experiment, then the reasons for his conclusions drawn from it.

The next year's course is optional, involving mostly laboratory work, four periods a week. It is called the qualitative or advanced course, including the analysis of various groups of metals. The characteristic test for each metal is first taken up, then its detection in solution in combination with other metals.

The third year's work is especially for those who expect to take chemistry as a profession or one of those professions in which chemistry is an important factor.

It is due to these well-planned courses, as well as to the conscientious study of the pupils, with the aid of their instructors, that many of our graduates are now admitted to most of the leading colleges, with credit in chemistry for

the work done along the same lines in this school.

When our Chemistry Department was in Central only one teacher, Mr. L. W. Mattern, was needed to conduct the work, but now, on account of the increased size of our student body, Mr. Marsh, his very able assistant, is employed. Mr. Mattern has made the study of chemistry and elementary science of great interest to us. Although it is not in the curri-

culum, he has imparted more or less philosophy to us in various talks in the class room, which made us anticipate an hour of pleasure there, contrary to the general rule.

In brief, the combination of excellent teachers, modern equipments and the best materials with which to work, in this department, as well as in all the others, generally brings credit to our school.

M. E. W., '07.

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HISTORY OF CHEMISTRY.

As the study of chemistry plays such an important part in the work of our Technical school, which stands above all else for practical results, it perhaps will not be out of place to trace, very briefly and generally, the history of the science from our earliest knowledge of it to the present day.

As Egypt was the earliest home of chemistry it is natural that it should be from its ancient name of Chem that the science derived its name; and it owes to it more than the name merely, for it was there that the first real re-

search and practical work in that line took place. The Egyptians had a surprising amount of knowledge of this subject, and one of their most revered names was that of Hermes Trismegistus, whom we would call the patron saint of chemistry and, incidentally, of alchemy. When one recalls the genius of ancient Greeks and the fact that much of their civilization was drawn from that of Egypt, one marvels that they did nothing tangible along this line, but they seem to have confined themselves entirely to theories, the most noted of which is the Aris-

totelian. Aristotle, one of the greatest of their philosophers and thinkers, held that there were only four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, and that different substances were caused by the combination of different proportions of these. But he stopped at theory and it remained for the scientists of a later day to prove theories by actual experiments.

These later workers, notably of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, turned their attention principally to alchemy, and sought long for the Philosopher's Stone, by which they might procure the Elixir of Life and the means for the transmutation of metals. This last particularly engrossed their attention, and they spent lifetimes and fortunes in an attempt to find the formula by which they might change the baser metals into gold. Those who in reality believed it to be impossible, worked upon the credulity of a superstitious age to the advantage of themselves alone, and the influence of the alchemists for a time extended all over Europe.

About the middle of the sixteenth century this was supplanted by sudden interest in a certain branch of chemistry known as Iatro-chem-

istry, or chemistry in its connection with medicine. These chemists had the Egyptian idea of making the scheme useful, and much work was done along the lines of the composition of the body and the chemical changes therein, though their conclusions were not always accurate and sometimes not even approximately correct. The shining light of this period was Paracelsus, a man who, born in Switzerland, influenced the scientific views of all Europe. There had, of course, been those before who had ministered to bodily ills, but for the first time medicine became a really honored profession.

The next theory that exerted great influence on the development of the science was that of phlogiston, based on suppositions put forth by Boyle and later by Stahl at the end of the seventeenth century. According to their theory all combustible substances contained an ingredient called phlogiston, which escaped in the process of combustion. This theory held for a century, until disproved by Lavoisier at the end of the eighteenth century, who showed that when a substance was burned in air, the latter lost some of its weight, while the former gained in weight, proving that in the process of com-

bustion something is taken from the air instead of from the substance. This result was achieved through the extensive and careful use of weights, and henceforth they became an important part of chemical apparatus,—in fact ushering in the quantitative period of chemistry, in which field important discoveries are still being made.

Because of the marvelous discoveries and adaptations daily being made in this science, we have almost ceased to marvel at each fresh achievement, and only wonder now and then what will be next. Enormous strides have been

made in the last century and some new fields of research have been opened up, especially in physical chemistry and bio-chemistry. It almost seems as if the dreams of the alchemists have been realized when we read of real diamonds being made in electric furnaces, tho they have not yet been able to transmute metals. The most wonderful, perhaps, of the new discoveries is radium, the mysterious substance which is so potent and so precious, but there seems to be no limit to the possibilities of the science, and the future may show even more remarkable records than the past. M. C., '07.

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PHYSICS.

Among the scientific courses those in physics are second in importance only to that in mathematics. A number of colleges require physics, and all will accept it as one of the subjects presented on entrance. Like all studies of a scientific nature, it is excellent as a mental training. Besides this, unless one has some knowledge of physics it is very possible for him to fall into some such mistake as supposing that the poles push the trolley cars along.

To prevent this latter we have a course in elementary physics which all students are required to take. The course is a thoroly practical one, involving text book and laboratory work, two hours being given to each per week. Besides this, each pupil, with the assistance of one or two others, is required to present a paper on such subjects as lenses, light houses, ice plants, etc. These are read before the class, the necessary diagrams and drawings being

reproduced upon the blackboard, and later each paper discussed. Toward the latter part of the year trips are taken to such places as ice plants, pumping stations, etc., to show the pupils what the practical applications of physics are. Unlike most physics courses, the object of this course is to teach the practical applications of physics as well as the theory, so, when a pupil completes this course, he not only knows what is taught in the text book, but how and where to apply this knowledge in such a way as to make it useful to him.

This idea of making physics a practical study is carried out in the course in college preparatory physics, which must be taken by all who expect to present physics on entering college. In this course, as in the other courses of the Physics Department, two hours per week are given to recitation and two to laboratory work. This course is like the previous course, except that much more is expected of the pupil in both class room and laboratory. The theory is more thoroly studied and the laboratory work is more accurate and conclusive. This course, however, is just as practical, if not more so, than the one that precedes it.

After the course in college preparatory

physics has been completed, a course in elementary steam engineering may be taken. The school being a manual training school and having engines and boilers of its own, makes such a course both practical and practicable. The course is a more general one than its name implies, actually being one in elementary mechanical engineering, with special attention given to steam engineering. The laboratory work consists of tests of engines, boilers, pumps, air compressors, etc. Practice is given in tending the school equipment, and this is supplemented by inspection trips to power plants, etc.

Besides these we have a course in applied electricity which is certainly among the best of its kind. As usual the course consist of text-book and laboratory work. This is supplemented by such practical work as necessity requires or time permits, and by trips to power plants, railway sub-stations, telephone offices, etc. The present class has done such work as installing a special buzzer system in the Tech rooms at Business High School, repairing and installing a motor for a lathe in the physics laboratory apparatus room, and the like. The experiments consist of such work as measuring

resistance, calibrating meters, studying the switchboard, wiring and the operation of our own electric plant, determining the characteristic curves of dynamos, the efficiencies of motors and generators, etc.

It should be noted that these last two courses are distinctively Manual Training School courses, and, like the schools, have not reached their full development. Tech has developed from the former manual training course at Central High School, where the course was little more than an ordinary scientific High School course, with manual training added. However, the year before our building was completed an attempt was made to have a course in applied electricity. There were many difficulties to be surmounted, but notwithstanding this, the course turned out so well that it was continued at the new building, where it has developed into one of the very best of such courses in the country.

Altho the equipment at Central was better in a way for a course in steam engineering than for one in applied electricity, no attempt was made to have one there. The year our new building was occupied, however, a course was started which has developed so rapidly that, in

the opinion of some, it is as good, if not better, than the one in electricity. Be that as it may, the course is undoubtedly one of much promise.

To carry on the laboratory work of these courses we are comparatively but poorly equipped. There are two physics laboratories; one in an old building on O street, opposite Central High School, and another on the third floor of our building. We have excellent apparatus, but because of the crowded condition of our building it is not conveniently located. When the much-needed new addition is completed there will be two laboratories, separated by an apparatus room and shop, which will be filled with the present apparatus and much more besides. One laboratory will be used for elementary physics, as is the O street laboratory now, while the other will be used for college preparatory physics. The present laboratory in the school is used for both.

To meet the needs of the class in applied electricity there is at present a small room fitted up with a 110-volt—125-volt motor generator, a 110-volt—10-volt dynamotor, a storage battery, and the necessary instruments and accessories. The laboratory may be supplied

with either direct or alternating current; the first from the school dynamo, the latter from the street mains. In its turn this laboratory supplies the physics laboratory with 10-volt current from its dynamotor. The school switch-board and dynamos may be used for experimental purposes.

The class in steam engineering makes use of the engines of the school. Two of these are direct—connected to the dynamos; another to a centrifugal circulating pump in the heating plant, and a fourth to a blower for ventilation purposes. Besides these, there are the boilers, a couple of steam pumps, the condenser, etc., a motor-driven air compressor in the applied electricity laboratory, and a small engine, built at the school, connected to the compressed air pipes in the same laboratory. The air compressor supplies compressed air to the physics laboratory when necessary.

In the future the needs of both these classes will be attended to by a combined laboratory which will contain a much larger and a much better equipment than is at present available.

This laboratory will be near the physics laboratories. In fact, the Physics Department will occupy the entire 7th street side of

the third floor of the building, with the three laboratories before mentioned, an apparatus room, a lecture room and an office. This equipment will make it possible for our present courses to become much better than they are now, altho they rank with the best in the country.

But do not think that there was never anything interesting outside of the course going on in physics classes; for there often was. On one occasion in the laboratory our teacher had told us the oft-told tale, and then had shown us something that was "just as good"—a fire extinguisher made of a large bottle, with a medicine phial inside and having a hose and nozzle of rubber tubing and a glass tube. It worked well when he turned it into the sink. Later on, when he left the laboratory for something, someone imagined himself to be a little boy in a Massachusetts town with a squirt gun in his hand, and, seeing no cats, the rest of us were dampened. Soon, his day dream dispelled, he was sent to learn that the office davenport is uncomfortable to sit on.

On one occasion, in electricity, one of the boys accidentally laid a pair of plyers over some wires. There was a flash and a snap, and it was

found that the calipers had some copper beads on them. On another occasion one of our Captains, "Mac" by name, was measuring some switches on the engine room switchboard. Incidentally, he used a steel rule, and as a consequence one of the switches is scarred where he "measured" it. For a long time the switchboard was black from the effects of it. Speaking of the switchboard, if any one will take the trouble to go behind it he will find the back covered with names of all the electricity classes, in all the available spaces; names in places where it must have been shocking to write; names in the most unobstructed places; but since the back of a switchboard is not a public place, the old adage about "Fools' names" can

hardly apply, no matter how appropriate it might be.

These are not all; there are many incidents and points of interest, but why write of them? In future years, when we visit the school, we will remember that we used to sit here or there, or that someone that sat there made some crazy mistake that made everyone laugh. If we took electricity, perhaps we will crawl behind the switchboard to see whether anyone has covered up our names. Whatever it is, we will all have something to remember about our days in the McKinley Manual Training School, when we were under the orders of members of the Physics Department.

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BIOLOGY.

WHAT is Biology?

The average pupil of the school will answer that it means about a half dozen bare-headed girls, hurrying thru the halls on their way back from Central, or leaving Tech in the rain with mysterious-looking black note books. Inquiring a little farther, some girl

may tell of having seen boxes of bugs or worms in certain lockers, and having once noticed something as inviting as a jar of moldy bread.

Several of the teachers will say that it means irregular hours for certain pupils, and even staying after school, on account of the biology girls. The Program Committee will be likely

to inform you that it means the turning of the program upside down and wrongside out, besides cutting it up and shuffling the parts to make our programs agree with those of Central.

If you find the biology girls themselves they may tell you that it is a nuisance; walking to Central in the rain, climbing the worst stairs in Washington, and then cutting up fish. In a more agreeable mood they will assure you that it means no end of fun, walking down 7th street, sliding in the Henry's yard, throwing snow, eating pickles, teasing and being teased, and then doing interesting work in the laboratory or going on a trip.

It would probably be difficult to secure a more satisfactory reply unless you suggest that you contemplate taking the subject yourself, and then, before long, you would receive an answer similar to the following: "Take it? I would rather have missed anything else in my course. It is the study of life in animals and plants, and accordingly more real than talk of molecules, of forms of energy, or of acid or base elements. I would not advocate biology as a cure for insomnia."

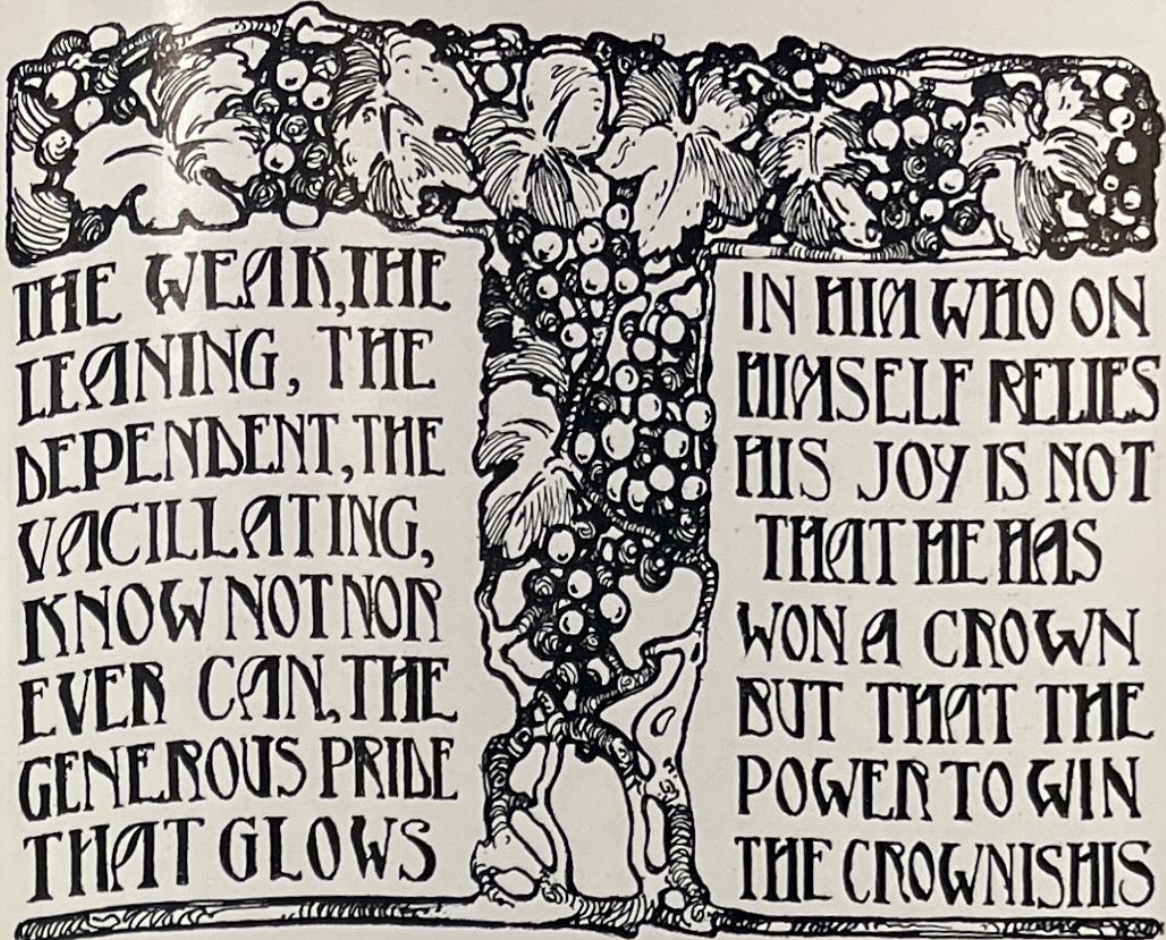
The first half of the third year is spent in studying animal types, and the girls learn to handle crawfish, earthworms, or even dead fish, without any violent emotions. The use of the microscope is learned in studying the wonderful little single-celled animals.

Plant types are examined during the next few months. The simplest of them are attacked first, next the yeast, and then in order through the pine and our flowering plants. These are all very agreeable and rather interesting, but incline more to the insomnia cure than zoology. Of course, there were trips on which we had much fun. Do not be afraid! On these trips there is always one boy forming a rear guard.

In the second year of biology either botany or zoology may be studied. The great problem of the year is the grouping of the animals or plants by their characteristics. We—all six of us—chose the zoology.

It is rather hard for us to realize, yet, just what this work has meant to us. We have been put in greater sympathy with nature and have grounds for future thought and study, which are not supplied by any other science.

E. S., '07.



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LEARNING, THE
DEPENDENT, THE
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KNOW NOT NOR
EVER CAN, THE
GENEROUS PRIDE
THAT GLOWS

IN HIM WHO ON
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HIS JOY IS NOT
THAT HE HAS
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BUT THAT THE
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THE CROWN IS HIS

ART DEPARTMENT.

WHEN this department was first organized by Mr. Forest Grant there was begun that plan of work which, with few changes, has been carried out so successfully to the present day. Although Mr. Grant did not stay with us long, we were fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. A. B. Many, who soon gathered around him a capable corps of instructors. The course in drawing now, as always, is of a most practical nature, and the variety of work is ever a source of pleasure to teachers, pupils and visitors.

Essentially this plan is the training of the mind to fine judgment in art through the application of drawing and design to practical purposes. That is, the pupil's idea of a book-plate, a hinge, a book-cover, and many other things, is carried past the paper stage and finds expression in real book-plate, a real hinge or book-cover, and so on.

Many ways have been devised to bring out of a pupil the best there is in him. No one need complain that he has no chance to exercise his particular talent. For the boys there is the

designing of wrought-iron gates, knockers and hinges, which may be carried to completion in the forge shop. In art metal work they may execute their ideas in brass in the way of lanterns or lampshades, and in copper in the making of trays, bowls, etc. The girls have as great a freedom in what they choose to do. There are cushion covers, draperies, baskets and the weaving of textiles, in all of which the study of color and line beauty play an important part. Both boys and girls receive a thorough training in composition. Strict attention is given to the portrayal of plant forms, vases and other studies to seek strength in making lines of real merit.

Mr. Many has devoted much of his time to the study of color and composition, and has secured very satisfactory results. As the head of the Art Department he has proved to be an efficient and sacrificing teacher, with the welfare of his work always at heart.

Miss Shipman has given much attention to basketry, textile work, wood-carving, together with design and line study. Her pupils have

made many interesting things, such as stenciled draperies, embroidered and wood block printed table and cushion covers; trays, plate and book racks furnished agreeable study for some, while others embodied their ideas in the shape of wall hangings.

Another interesting phase of the work is found in the class of Mrs. Doherty. Here, through her direction, were designed and modeled in wax various objects; as spoons, paper knives and trays, which later on were reproduced in class. Her work in dry-point etching proved very successful and was much enjoyed by the pupils.

Through the perseverance of Mr. Whitbeck several of the pupils in advanced work have been able to work in silver. Although the work-room (at O street building) is not much larger than a Bay-steamer state-room and the tool equipment not the most complete in the world, the results are most gratifying. At last hearing the product of his classes is pushing the Tiffany output for honors.

As a whole, the art classes form a well-regulated unit. The teachers co-operate with one another and with the shops, with the result that

their department is one of the strongest in the school today. The fact that in a competition against the pupils of all the District schools both prizes offered came to us is the highest kind of a testimonial in our favor.

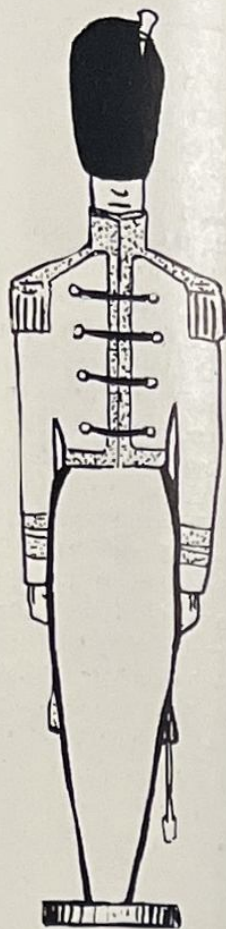
A. GORDON HAMILTON.



The Staff wishes to thank our Principal, Dr. Myers, Mr. Mattern, and Mr. Daniel, for the interest and help they have given during the year in connection with the Retrospect. Through their kind and beneficial advice many difficulties have been surmounted, and it is through their unceasing efforts in cooperation with the student body that we have been able to edit the first Year Book at "Tech."



MILITARY



MILITARY.

OF all the many military organizations in this country connected with schools, the Washington High School Cadets have probably attained the greatest fame. This organization was first organized in 1882, the first companies (two in number) being at Central High School, then the only High School in the city. Professor A. E. Paul, at that time Principal of the school, placed the companies in charge of Professor Israel and later under the direction of Major Bates. Major Bates was succeeded by Lieut.-Colonel Burton R. Ross, then a Captain in the Washington Light Infantry. From the time Col. Ross took charge of the Cadets they began to figure before the public as an organization and by their appearance and proficiency in drill won distinction over this section of the country. Through the efforts of Col. Ross the Cadets were uniformed and equipped with the Regular Army accouterments.

From two companies the organization has grown to a regiment of ten companies, officered entirely by members of the organization.

As before said, the Washington High School Cadets have won renown all over the country, but it even goes farther, they are known all over the world. The Cadets take up very little extended-order drill, dealing almost entirely with the close-order, in which, with the exception of the United States Military Academy, they cannot be surpassed. Old members of the Cadets can be found in all corners of the earth. The army in Cuba literally swarmed with old Washington High School boys, the same in the Philippines, while not a few of them fought in China and South Africa.

The principle event of the Cadet year is the Competitive Drill, when the prize company is picked. During the Spring there is also a regimental drill and field maneuvers.

The following is a list of the commanding



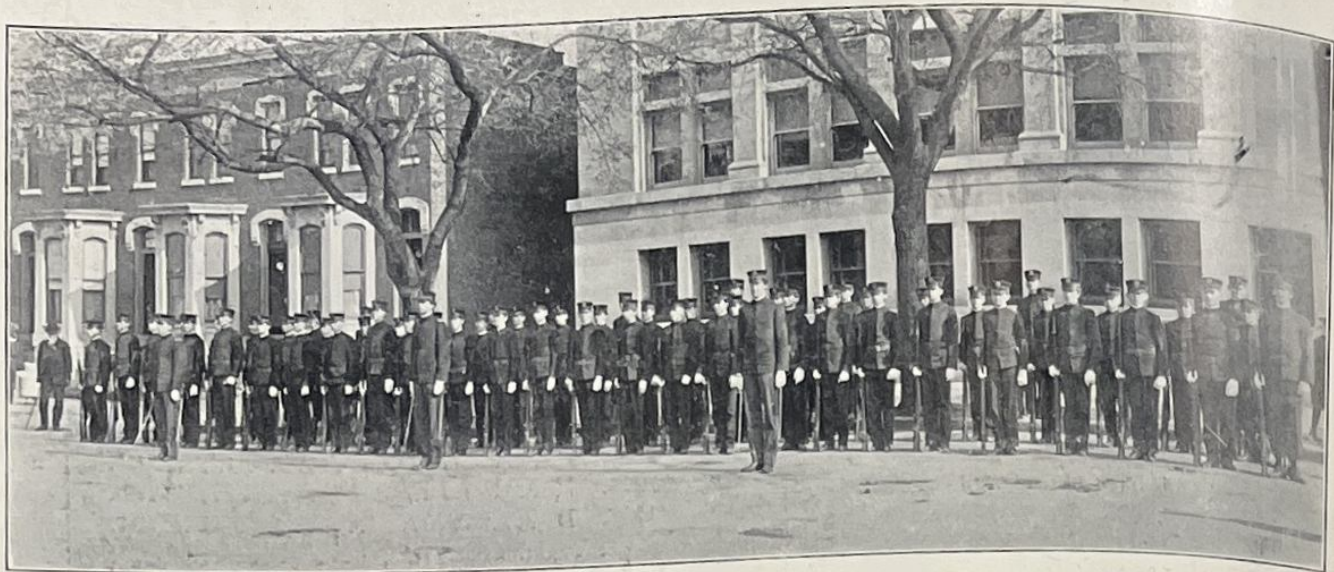
officers and Captains of prize companies since 1884.

1884-1885.	MAJ. F. SOHON.
1886.	MAJ. A. STEWART.
1887.	MAJ. L. LA FETRA.
1888.	MAJ. F. FISHBACK.
1889.	MAJ. W. BARDEN.
1890.	MAJ. F. LAWYER.
1891.	LIEUT.-COL. G. P. MOORE.
1892.	MAJ. L. R. REICHELDERFER.
1893.	COL. L. R. REICHELDERFER.
1894.	COL. F. SKINNER.
1895.	COL. WM. SHUSTER.
1896.	COL. J. G. SOMMERS.
1897.	COL. F. C. DANIELS.
1898.	COL. H. F. PIPES.
1899.	COL. J. GUMMELL.
1900.	COL. R. ADAMS.
1901.	COL. C. E. BOESCH.
1902.	COL. H. E. BARNES.
1903.	COL. R. DES. BROWN.
1904.	COL. J. H. HUDDLESTON.
1905.	COL. A. W. LYBRAND.
1906.	COL. H. R. STANDEFORD.
1907.	COL. C. M. THIELE.

Winning Co.	Captains.
1888. A	FISHER
1889. D	TERREL
1890. C	DUVALL
1891. F	EDWARDS
1892. A	OGDEN
1893. G	SHILLING
1894. D	SMITH
1895. H	TAUSSIG
1896. F	GAPEN.
1897. H	SMOOT
1898. A	YOUNG
1899. C	WASHINGTON.
1900. B	CHURCHILL.
1901. C	SHEPHERD.
1902. F	ROBINETTE.
1903. C	HUDDLESON.
1904. B	KELLEY.
1905. F	L. LINTHICUM.
1906. H	BLAND.
1907. D	HART

Page
One
Hundred
and
Fifty-one

Since our school has been separated from Central we have carried off several honors in the military line. We started with two companies and in 1903 Captain Huddleson, of Co. C, carried off the flag for old Tech. This was an





COMPANY C.



COMPANY K.

especially notable feat, as Captain Huddleson was only a Junior, and not a Senior, as the majority of Captains were then and are at the present. The following year Captain Huddleson captured the most coveted prize of the regiment; he was appointed Colonel; and Lieutenant Schultz, formerly of Co. C, was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. The Colonelcy is the most difficult position to obtain, as the candidates must stand an examination in the U. S. Drill Regulations before a board of Army officers; but Captain Huddleson proved himself the best man in the regiment. In 1904 Lieutenant-Colonel Darrah gained by his appointment the only regimental distinction brought to Tech that year. Last year Captain Howland was Regimental Adjutant, and Captain Matern was Regimental Quartermaster; thus giving Tech a share again in the regimental honors.

This year, Lieutenant C. M. Thiele, Adjutant of the 3d Battalion, '06, was appointed Colonel of the Regiment, once more giving Tech the commanding position. It is most earnestly hoped that the Captain will fall in line and show that next year Tech can produce the best

school. The companies are well sized, officered and manned, and to make a selection as to which was the best indeed taxed the skill of the experienced Army officers.

Captain Redman, of Co. C, produced an excellent company out of raw material, for which he deserves much credit. In fact, if the rumor was true, Co. C was one of the three best companies in the competitive drill.

Captain Hart, of Co. D, our prize Captain and prize company, exhibited such drills as would have done credit to the school under any circumstances, but when he capped the climax and brought the flag to Tech on the evening of May 22—well, he proved that Co. D was the best combination in the whole regiment.

Captain Auerbach, of Co. K, also had a company which produced excellent drills and put company the organization has ever produced. The organization is each year better than the previous year, so the company that was the best this year may justly claim to be the best the organization has ever produced.

The 3d Battalion, this year, under Major Carlton, is the best that has ever been at our up such a drill on the field we feel that rumor

must be true when it said that the companies of the 3d Battalion stood at the top of the list He knew one did.

Next in importance to the drill were the review parade and field maneuvers, which took place May—on the Elipse south of the White House. This year the regiment, in line of masses, was reviewed by General Crozier, after which Col. C. M. Thiele, commanding Cos. A, C,

D, E, F, G, and I, and Lieutenant-Colonel Lasier, commanding Cos. B, H, and K, went thru the problem commonly called the sham-battle. Before all the brave soldiers were killed, however, truce was declared, the regiment assembled in line, regimental parade gone through, and thus between two lines of school flags, waved by fair spectators, the heroes marched down the Avenue and were dismissed.



R.K.G.

Athletics

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One
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and
Fifty-See

ATHLETICS.

SO few years have passed since the founding of the McKinley Manual Training School that none of her splendid sons and daughters have as yet reached the top rounds of the ladder of fame, though in time, you may be sure, there will be great men and women in all the walks of life who at one time sat at the feet of the teachers of dear old "Tech" gaining wisdom with which to begin the battle of life.

There are, however, many names in the short past of our school famous for eminence in athletics; sturdy sons and daughters who have battled on many fields, bringing fame and honor to "Tech." The coming generations of "Tech" will ever honor such names as Dick Senior, Johnny Beall, Eb. Baling, Geib, Jack Nagle, Johnny Herring, Teddy Watson, Bonkhe, Moore, Kohler, the three Dutchmen—Big Dutch Gloetzner, Dutch Sterzer and Dutch Goodman, Duganne, Hunt, Piggott, Backus, Ginney Gentner, Jack Moss, Hiram Smith, Browne, Biggy McCarthy, Mess, Byrne, Rosemond and Thiele. Some of these are out fighting their way in the world, others remain in school to win other lau-

rels for "Tech" and keep alive the spirit which has always impelled the wearers of the "Maroon and Steel" to do or die for the honor of "Tech."

Not alone to the boys is praise due for earnest effort to sustain the honor of the school. While but one form of athletics is accessible to them, due to the lack of proper quarters, the girls of the school have always shown the same spirit of true sportsmanship which has been the ruling spirit of our school. The names of Gloetzner, Spier, Beall, Heine, Townsend, Lee, Hasting, Weirick and many others will ever dwell in the tender memories of "Tech."

SCHOOL EMBLEMS.

To be able to say that you are a member of "Tech" is indeed an honor, but to be able to show that you have "rendered marked services in sustaining the athletic reputation and honor of the McKinley Manual Training School by wearing the school emblem is a far greater honor. No official record of the winners of this distinction has ever been kept, and it is only after much hard work, dust and trouble that the

following list has been collected. There may be some luckless person whose name is not on this list. If you are the one, don't feel that you have been forgotten; just blame the editor of this Year Book and let him know about it.

J. E. BALLINGER,	C. G. STERZER,
G. P. HUGHES,	J. S. MCKINNEY,
J. W. BEALL,	J. C. ROSEMOND, *
L. H. CARTER,	C. C. CAYWOOD,
A. HEMDEL,	L. H. CROOK,
H. A. HEINE,	J. GARVEY,
R. S. BAKER,	W. M. HART,
A. W. SKINNER,	H. HOOVER,
C. W. GEIB,	C. A. HOWLAND,
R. GEIB,	T. F. PIMPER,
D. MOORE,	C. M. THIELE,
J. N. NAGLE,	E. E. BARNES,
T. R. SENIOR,	M. S. CURTIS,
J. W. HARING,	J. H. SMALL,
E. W. SHEPARD,	J. GLOETZNER,
W. A. BACKUS,	V. SPIER,
N. P. BRYAN,	M. WEIRICK,
R. GEDNEY,	E. TOWNSEND,
A. A. GLOETZNER,	S. BEALL,
C. J. TOOLE,	E. HEINE,
F. WARREN,	J. CATLETT,
A. C. DU GANNE,	

*Deceased.

J. R. DAVIS,
R. T. SMITH,
D. ELSOM,
C. B. PIGGOTT,
W. G. ROBINSON,
J. HUNT,
G. B. HUDDLESON,
D. B. TAYLOR,
J. F. MOSS,
G. V. KOEHLER,
F. W. WATSON,
E. R. GLOETZNER,
H. C. BOHNKE,
J. C. MCCARTHY,
C. BROWN,
T. J. DORAN,
H. GENTNER,
E. HOUGH,
M. PARSONS,
W. L. PIPER,
M. STEINMETZ,
G. W. SULLINGER,
R. N. TRACEWELL,
W. H. THRALL,
H. S. HEMINGWAY,
U. G. GOODMAN,
C. L. DUGAN,

W. G. THRALL,
J. M. R. ADAMS,
E. F. LEGER,
D. S. PLATT,
H. L. BENSON,
R. E. CHAPIN,
H. KNEESSI,
E. C. RIECHARD,
H. B. MYERS,
H. L. OFFUTT,
M. CAMERON,
J. MARSTON,
A. HODGES,
C. W. HECOX,
W. W. SPENCER,
H. F. MESS,
H. V. ELLIS,
W. H. RICHARDS,
B. C. SPANSY,
H. BULLOUGH,
W. A. BROOKMIRE,
A. H. JANNUS,
C. S. WILSON,
R. E. MCCARTHY,
H. L. BENSON,
F. M. BYRNE.

Page
One
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and
Fifty-seven

Of championships, the much-coveted reward of athletic efforts, "Tech" has a cheerful record to look back upon. In football, the first championship won by "Tech" was in '03. Again in '04 "Tech" prevailed. In '05 the honors fell to Western with "Tech" and Central tied for second place, and in '06 we divided the honor with Western and Central, the season resulting in a tie.

In baseball the record is even more comfortable, for except in '04, when Central won the championship, each year has seen our baseball team romp home with the championship honors. They started to romp home this year, but—

Our school has never been at the front in track events; that is to say, no meets have been won, though records have been made again and again in several events. In '04 Byrne broke the half-mile record, going that distance in 2.7:2. In the same meet DuGanne broke the shot put and discus records, doing 41 feet 2 1-2 inches and 97 feet 6 inches, respectively. In '05 Browne broke the pole vault and DuGanne the hammer throw, doing 122 feet. In '06 Thrall again broke the pole vault record and Browne clipped

two seconds off the time for the 220-yard hurdles.

ROWING.

The present year has seen the beginning of rowing, a form of sport which heretofore has found no place in the High Schools. It is somewhat remarkable that with a splendid river like the mighty Potomac the art of rowing is so little in vogue. Other cities and towns with such a waterway would have the shores dotted with club-houses. In years gone by some splendid oarsmen have rowed on the Potomac. At times the sport has promised to become a fixture only to lapse into nothing. Rowing is essentially a young man's sport, and is a test of endurance and skill such as only young men can endure. The only body of young men in Washington inclined towards athletics is the large body of students attending the High Schools.

Rowing as a sport, however, is a somewhat expensive luxury, and an eight-oared shell has always been beyond the reach of the student body of "Tech." This year, through the efforts of Mr. Hecox and by the kindness of the Potomac Boat Club, a crew was at last able to sit in a boat and enjoy this incomparable sport.

After much hard work on the part of both the coach and the crew a championship crew was put on the river and in their second race defeated the Georgetown Preparatory Crew by about a quarter of a length.

The crew was as follows:

W. H. THRALL, 1.

O. DECARRE, 2.

J. H. SMALL, 3.

H. BULLOUGH, 4.

B. C. SPANSY, 5.

D. L. BREWSTER, 6. (Captain.)

H. V. ELLIS, 7.

W. H. HART, 8.

J. S. MCKINNEY, (Coxswain.)

Page
One
Hundred
and
Fifty-nine





Mark
R.K. GALBRAITH.









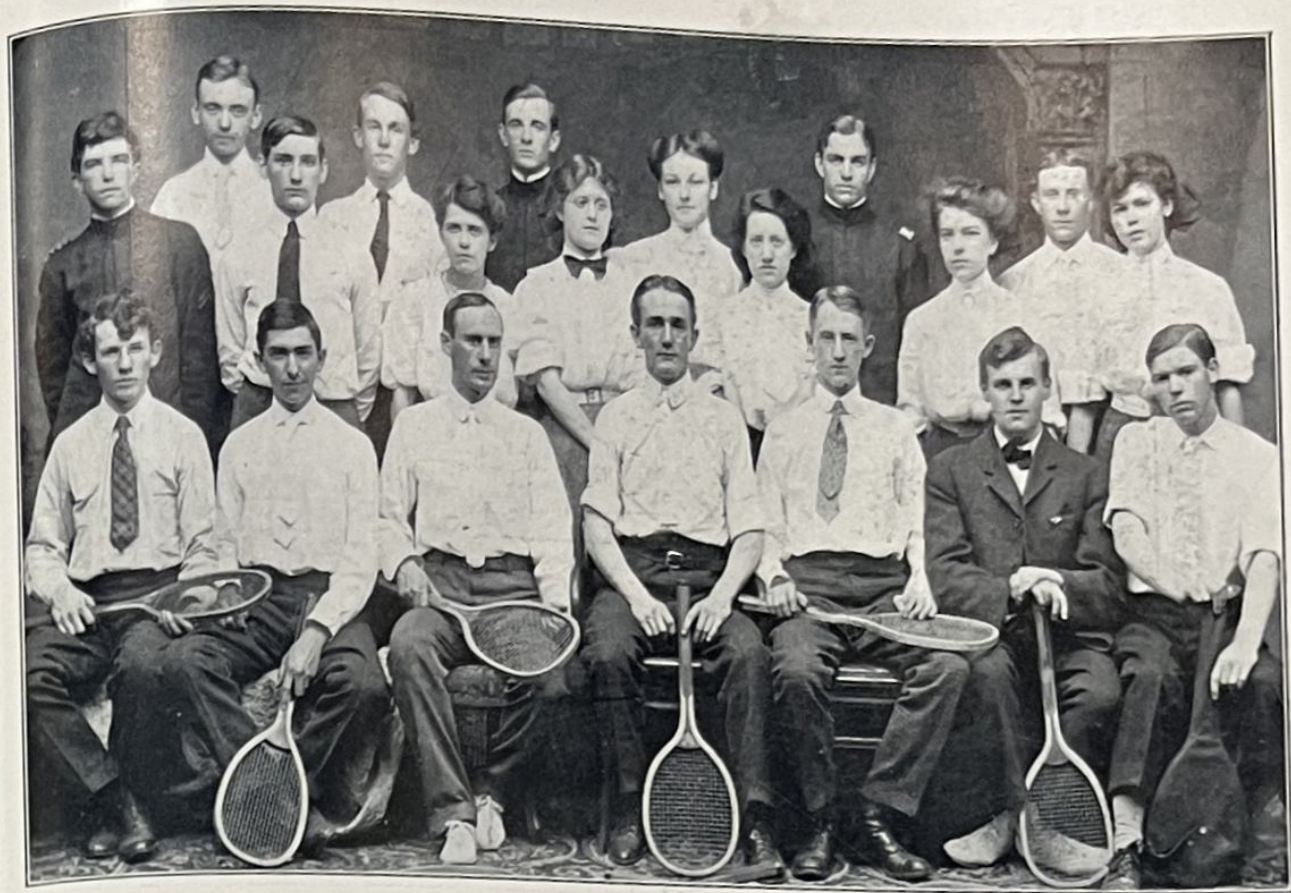




The
Track

GALBRAITH.











ALPHA DELTA SIGMA.

ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

Alpha—Bridgeport High School, Bridgeport, Conn.

Beta—New Haven High School, New Haven, Conn.

Gamma—New Britain High School, New Britain, Conn.

Delta—Meriden High School, Meriden, Conn.

Epsilon—Boys' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Zeta—Springfield High School, Springfield, Mass.

Eta—Fall River High School, Fall River, Mass.

Theta—Hartford Public High School, Hartford, Conn.

Iota—Portland High School, Portland, Me.

Mu—Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nu—Edward Little High School, Auburn, Me.

Xi—Torrington High School, Torrington, Conn.

Omicron—Technical High School, Washington, D. C.

Pi—Haverhill High School, Haverhill, Mass.

ALUMNI CHAPTERS.

Harvard University,

Yale University,

University of Pennsylvania,

Colgate University,

Wesleyan University,

Amherst College,

Williams College,

Dartmouth College.

Southern Graduate Association, Washington, D. C.



OMICRON CHAPTER
OF
ALPHA DELTA SIGMA.

FRATRES IN SCHOLA.

T. J. GARNER,
C. M. THIELE,
J. P. MILLER, JR.
R. W. HICKMAN, JR.,
R. S. HART,
C. L. DUGAN,
M. S. CURTIS,

F. C. WEST,
G. F. PUSHAW,
D. S. PLATT,
WM. G. THRALL,
H. F. ELLIS,
A. S. HAYNES,
C. R. CHERRY,
A. E. TERFLINGER.

B. C. SPRANSY,
H. L. OFFUTT,
C. L. GRIESBAUER,
A. M. EIKER,
E. C. REICHARD,
R. BRODIE,
C. C. MCCUBBIN,



OMEGA GAMMA DELTA.

ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

Alpha—Boys' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Beta—Paterson High School, Paterson, N. J.

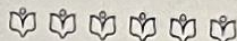
Gamma—Erasmus Hall High School, Brooklyn,
N. Y.

Delta—Morris High School, New York, N. Y.

Epsilon—High School of Commerce, New
York, N. Y.

Zeta—Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge,
Mass.

Eta—Technical High School, Washington, D.C.





ETA CHAPTER
OF
OMEGA GAMMA DELTA.

FRATRES IN SCHOLA.

JOHN S. MCKINNEY,
THOMAS J. DORAN,
A. BABENDRIER,
A. J. BOHN,
E. C. WANN,

H. ALTEMUS,
D. S. BREWSTER,
H. S. BROOKMIRE,
W. G. GOODMAN,
J. H. DORAN,

W. C. LINTON,
H. T. MESS,
C. G. STERZER,
B. RAFTER.

ALUMNI.

W. SIGGINS,
L. T. BROWN,
H. B. DESHIELDS,

A. A. GLOETZNER,
G. C. GRAHAM,

T. F. PIMPER,
P. SHADE,
M. STINEMETZ.



KAPPA KAPPA SOCIETY.

Founded on the twelfth day of November, in
the year of our Lord nineteen hundred six, at
the McKinley Manual Training School, Wash-
ington, D. C.

IN URBE,

GERTRUDE BARRON,
ESTHA BROCK,
CHARLENE BROWN,

HAZEL HAINES,
DOROTHY HENDERSON,
CLARA GRANDFIELD,

ALVA JONES,
VERDA JONES,
MAY WILLSON.



SIGMA DELTA PHI SOCIETY.

Founded on the sixteenth day of January, in
the year of our Lord nineteen hundred seven,
at the McKinley Manual Training School,
Washington, D. C.

ELSIE CUNNINGHAM,
ELEANOR EMERSON,
GRACE HACKETT,

JOY MARSTON,
MARY MOSS,
VIOLA NEAL,
HENRIETTA RAY,

GRACE SCHNEIDER,
EUGENIA WITHAL,
ELIZABETH WRIGHT.

HELOVA CLUB.

MAY FORD,
HAZEL HAINES,
DOROTHY HENDERSON,
MARIE HARBAN,
ALVA JONES,
VERDA JONES,

GRACE SWARTZ,
MARION WITHAL,
MAY WILLSON,
CHESTER CAYWOOD,
MILTON FORD,
MYRON CURTIS,

RICHARD HICKMAN, Jr.,
HARRY MYERS,
FRANK WEST,
RAYMOND SMITH,
WILLIAM THRALL,
CLAUDE THIELE.



N. I. P. CLUB.

ROSCOE ALLEMAN,
FRANK BOND,
HELEN DORAN,
MARY FRY,

WALTER G. MONTGOMERY,
"MONK" HOWARD,
BEULAH JONES,

ELIZABETH KEELY,
ETHEL MILLER,
"BILLY" SEAY,
WILLIAM THRALL.



GLEE CLUB.





ORCHESTRA.

THE "TECH" ORCHESTRA.

Violins,

MARK LANSBURGH.
HENRY A. LEPPER.
EDWARD M. WEBSTER.
C. EUGENE EDWARDS.
DOUGLAS S. MURPHY.

Director,

GEORGE W. SUNDERLAND.

Viola,

HOWARD P. KING.

'Cello,

JUNE S. ZEBLEY.
FREDERIC A. WEIHE.

Clarinet,

JOHN P. SINEGOSKI.

Piano,

RAYMOND R. CHATFIELD.

Cornet,

ROBERT EZDORF.

Among the organizations of the McKinley Manual Training School the "Tech" Orchestra has "played an important part." Under the direction of Mr. Sunderland, an expert trombonist, the organization has won such credit for the school that one gentleman said he preferred hearing our orchestra to the one at the New Willard Hotel. The orchestra has played at several school functions, winning much applause.



DEBATING TEAM.

OFFICERS OF
DEBATING TEAM.



THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Page
One
Hundred
and
Eighty-nine

Twice, before this, has the familiar phrase, "We have met the champs, and they are our'n," been seen triumphantly shining forth in our school publications. In fact, the words have come to be a sort of by-word with us on all occasions where we have met the enemy, whether in bloody football togs, spiked shoes or a debate, in which latter "everybody wears clothes," simple and unadorned. We do not know for a certainty, but from the evidence we are led to believe that our opponents in the Inter-High School debates must have expected our "young Ciceros" to come to the fray arrayed in jumpers and overalls with a ten-pound sledge-hammer in each hand. Be that as it may, they went as neatly garbed as any cultured young academic youths, albeit they did *perhaps* carry along the *hammers*. For description of the second triumph (our first is *too* well known to bring up), if the reader did not *witness* it, he must apply to one who did for a *verbal* version—words in writing cannot express the joy of the affair, the graphic, ham-

mering oratory of Mr. Howell or the cutting, relentless attack of Mr. Middleton, or the cold (Oh, so cruel to Eastern), clinching speech of Mr. Seifriz. "Our" debaters simply "chawed 'em up," as one enthusiastic rooter remarked. And as a sort of sub-proof of this we might remark the fact that two of the judges were seen to have their decisions ready before Mr. Seifriz was finished speaking. No more remains to be added; the greatness of the achievement lies with the intellect and imagination of the reader. It only serves to once more vindicate the modern idea of Technical education. We have conquered in one short winter's work the trainings and results of almost ten years' constant application of the Academic High School. The fact is left to the student of psychology whether the effect is the result of the individual scholar or the *system*.

The victory over, Eastern was *not* merely a nine days' wonder. In fact, it was nearly a month later when the members of the championship team—Mr. Howell, Mr. Seifriz, Mr.

Middleton and Mr. Pushaw—were presented with school emblems in the form of medals, as a sort of lasting testimonial of their triumph.

Too much praise cannot be given to Miss Forbes for her untiring efforts to prepare the "orators." In fact, they had to be built from the foundation (which was their inherent intellect). Of her gymnastic stunts in teaching Mr. Howell his row famous right-arm gesture, we can only imagine. Therefore, it was with genuine pleasure that we witnessed the presentation to her, by the Debating Team, of a silver pencil.

The year has closed triumphantly; it only remains for next year's to be just the same.

M. H., '07.

Yes, we all agree, Tech has a fine Debating team. No other High School could come within a mile of defeating it. It ran away with things. It had both sides of the same question, and it won both times. It snatched a victory from Central, it ate up Eastern at one mouthful. A marvelous record! Yet, when it tackled the lowly worm, the third year, it met its Waterloo.

The lowly worm did turn, it actually made the "young Ciceros" of the fourth year gasp for breath. On the same question, too! Yet, what honor came to the "little Websters" of the third year? None whatsoever. There were no flowers to greet the victors, no welcome handshakes, no free spreads and evening entertainments—nothing but faint finger-nail applauses and a softly whispered "Pretty good." Ought not those "little Websters" be entitled to as much honor and glory as the "young Ciceros?" The "young Ciceros" defeated everything that came their way—with one exception, the little Websters. They were pronounced the champions of the High Schools. Do they deserve that title? No, they do not. The third year debating team deserves it, since they downed the team that defeated all the High Schools in debate! Hail to the real champions! Let their pictures be put into the Year Book; let their names go down in the McKinley Manual Training School Book of Fame.

MONTGOMERY, '08.

THE TECH DEBATING CLUB.

Page
One
Hundred
and
Ninety-one

No better term can be applied to the Debating Society of our school than a cyclone—none of your timid affairs, always at the mercy of the Weather Bureau, but a full-fledged, healthy tornado. And it was the very essence of one from the beginning; for when the first black speck of a cloud (in the person of Mr. Auerbach) appeared on the horizon few, even, of the Senior Class recognized its portent.

For years it had been the custom of various academic neighbors to meet and debate weighty questions, but until this eventful year the students of Tech were won't to be mere onlookers—too busily engaged in forging and other mechanical arts to soar to the high realms of debate. So our same academic neighbors though. We were forging, but not merely iron, as our powers of eloquence and oratory showed.

This year, however, a new stand was taken. We received a challenge from another school. But we had no team to defend us. What was to be done? *Get a team. We did.*

A society was quickly formed by Mr. Auer-

bach, supported by the teachers. Officers were elected, as follows: Mr. Auerbach, President; Miss Cameron, Critic; Mr. Benson, Secretary, and Mr. Thrall, Treasurer.

A series of preliminary debates was held to develop the young Ciceros, and the first honor man of each debate selected for the team. The first of these preliminary debates was upon the subject: "Resolved, That the Constitution of the United States should be so amended that the Central Government will have more power."

In this debate the affirmative was upheld by Mr. J. B. Smith, Miss Cameron, and Mr. Seifriz, while the negative found supporters in Mr. Henderson, Miss Schneider and Mr. Hodgson. The affirmative were victors, and Mr. Seifriz carried off first honors. When the society again met it was to debate the proposition: "Resolved, That it is profitable to the United States to retain the Philippines." It was the turn of the negative, supported by Mr. Howell, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Doran, to defeat

the affirmative, represented by Mr. J. B. Smith, Mr. Wann, and Mr. Auerbach. In this contest the first honors went to the negative and fell upon the head of Mr. Howell. The third and final debate to decide upon the third member of the team was upon the question, "Resolved, That the railways should be owned by the Government." On the affirmative were Mr. Middleton, Mr. Thiele, and Mr. Pushaw. On the negative were Mr. Doran, Mr. Truesdell, and Mr. Jaeger. This time it was the turn of the affirmative to win, and they did it, first honor being won by Mr. Middleton. These debates immediately developed much enthusiasm, and nearly every one attended, filling the youthful orators with such pride (or fear) that the plane of the work was raised considerably higher than it would have been. At last the team was selected by the teachers. Mr. Seifriz, Mr. Howell and Mr. Middleton were named and Mr. Pushaw chosen for alternate,

and they immediately gave their time and untiring effort to the work of upholding Tech's honor. They more than did it, as every one knows. First our natural "enemy," Central, received a setback. That was sufficient to make every Techite thrill with rapture. But when the championship was wrested by "Manual Trainers" from our academic brothers, the gratitude, enthusiasm and patriotism of the school knew no bounds. The team was feasted and feted, and its path strewn with flowers; there was even talk of awarding the members the athletic emblem, but it was decided more appropriate to give a debate medal, which should be characteristic of that branch of school life, and accordingly one morning the school assembled at B. H. S., and in a few days our Ciceros were wearing a gold medal bearing the words, "DEBATE, 1907," with a small school emblem in the center.

While the preparation for the large debates were going on a debate between the Sophomore and Junior years was held, and was won by the Juniors, who supported the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That membership in the High School Cadets should be Compulsory." The victors were Mr. McKennan, Mr. Safford, and Mr. Benson, while the vanquished were Mr. Stanton, Mr. Burgess and Mr. King. It was not a crushing defeat, however, for the first honors came to Mr. King, of the negative. A little later, as practice for the school teams, a debate was held with a Junior team upon the question to be debated upon for the championship. The teams took the opposite side of the question from what they were to debate with Central, and two of the judges said that the Juniors won. Since the young Websters, as these third-year men call themselves, accomplished such a feat, it is only proper that future generations should read their names and wonder. They were Mr. Davis, Mr. Jannis, and

Mr. Montgomery, and it has been rumored that they think they are the true High School Champions, having defeated the winning team.

After the excitement of victory came a lull, for the real work was over, but before the memorable year had closed a last debate was held between picked teams, which proved that, like the wise men, we could relish a little nonsense now and then. The gravity of the subject, "Resolved, That laziness is the mother of invention," and the seriousness of the debaters, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Seifriz, and Mr. Montgomery on one side and Mr. Middleton, Mr. Auerbach and Mr. J. B. Smith on the other, was a fitting close for a well-spent season of real work.

Already a President, in the person of Mr. Howard Benson, has been elected for next year. If such an early application to business counts for anything, then we know Tech *can* and *will* carry triumphantly, from year to year, the new branch of school activities so well begun.



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SOCIAL NOTES.

The "Tech" dances, always a prominent feature of the school year, were very successful socially. The ball room at Mrs. Dyer's was, and has been for some time past, the scene of the dances; in fact, we feel quite at home in it. The company dances were held here, too, and although each company was limited to one dance, Co. D being allowed a second dance on account of previously made arrangements, each one was well attended, and delightful. It seemed that each person present was determined to have a good time, because he knew this particular company could not entertain him again during the year.

As Christmas drew near Santa Claus whispered in the ears of B-4 that they were not forgotten, and as a result, on the morning before the holidays began, a Christmas tree was dropped into classroom 10, laden with gifts for all the "good" boys and girls in B-4. (Here we would like to say that every one was remembered.) When 9 o'clock was sounded all the curtains came down, the electric lights were

turned on, and the glistening Xmas tree dazzled the eyes of the spectators, who, knowing that they were soon to be participants, could hardly hold their excitement in bounds. Santa Claus had spent much time in studying the characteristics of the pupils, and the gifts were very appropriate. Since Xmas, Capt. Hart has seemed perfectly satisfied with life, and we must naturally conclude that he received just the Xmas present that was needed to help him bear the hardships of a soldier's life. In fact, satisfaction reigns everywhere in B-4. Mr. Thompson has found his smile, the missing link has been supplied for Mr. Sterzer, and we all agree with Mr. Daniels that even a small black cloud may be overlooked.

The K. K. Sorority, counting among its members "Tech" girls, present, past and past perfect, was not slow to show its ability. Its first awakening was at a dance New Year's night at the Chevy Chase Club. Suggestive words about "cozy corners," "dim fire-light," and "mistletoe" have been dropped when speaking

of the occasion. Any mind, romantic or otherwise, should be able to fit these together. The second dance by this society was held during the Easter holidays. Need we any other words than those of one member, who, when asked concerning the dance, said she "had the time of her life?"

Are B-4 in good favor of the gods, or are they being justly rewarded for their merit? We have no doubts that it is the latter, and as a word to the wise is sufficient, allow me, fellow-students, to say it pays to be good. B-4 thought so, any way, on the 14th of February, when St. Valentine dropped a valentine box in their midst, and flew out the window by which he came. Knowing the failings of several (?) members of the class, he very kindly and thoughtfully left some refreshments with the box, which added "spice" to the occasion. The young ladies of B-4, muchly bedecked with hearts and in many ways resembling "the little sisters of St. Valentine," besought the boys to partake of St. Valentine's offering, which they did, as they amused themselves with their valentines. Each member of the class received at

least two valentines, accompanied by original verses (with emphasis on the original), and St. Valentine also remembered the head of the household—of B-4, we mean—complimenting him very highly on his ability sting. Dr. Meyers was present while the valentines were being distributed, and honored B-4 by wearing one of the souvenir hearts for the remainder of the day. The only regret is that St. Valentine's day comes only once a year; but nothing equals making the best of our opportunities, and this old adage was most assuredly adopted.

N. I. P. SOCIETY.

The scarcity of real social societies in Tech led to the forming of such an one known as the N. I. P. Club. This was the outcome of not a little effort on the part of Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Alleman, and they are now in a position to say that their expectations for a purely social and congenial crowd have been fully realized.

The members, when they first met, were a little strange to each other, for, with few exceptions, they had seen each other before, but had never met. However, after the first formalities

were over the rest was smooth sailing. Since then, with one or two exceptions, the club has progressed to such an agreeableness that it would be hard for it to be improved on.

Meetings during the winter were held at the residence of each girl, and at each meeting some novel scheme in the form of a surprise awaited the members. It was decided, however, that after the warmer and more delightful weather set in, the meetings would be in the form of picnics. In accordance with this plan the members have enjoyed many a delightful day in the country, and all will no doubt be sorry to say good-bye to such pleasant times.

A. D. S. DANCES.

The Alpha Delta Sigma Fraternity has given several dances this year, all of which have been great successes. The Fraternity Assembly was held during the Easter Holiday, April 2, at the Shoreham Hotel, and was one of the most brilliant social functions that has been given in connection with the school this year. Besides the members of the Local Chapter there were several members from other Chapters present. Among them were Mr. J. E. Black, of

Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. F. Trapp, of Hartford, Conn., and Mr. William Watson, of Haverhill, Mass. A large number of the alumni were also present. The hall was very prettily decorated with school and fraternity flags, making a very appropriate setting for the assembly.

The other dances have been informal, but very popular, so much so that the members have insisted on continuing them late into the season. They have been given at the Chevy Chase Hall, which in each case has been very elaborately decorated with flags and bunting. During the intermission the hall is turned into a dining room and supper served. The very informality of these dances has added a great deal to the pleasure of them.

Isn't it characteristic of Tech that a dance should be the first signs of life in a new organization? The crew, hardly three weeks old, gave a delightful dance at the Potomac Boat House. It will not seem strange, considering the hosts, that they could not keep away from the water long enough to dance, but had to waltz out certain numbers in an uncertain canoe. And they didn't leave the ladies behind, either. Since this time there have been several

dances given by this organization, each of which seem to have been more enjoyable than the last.

Was ever a time more appropriate for a great celebration than the evening of our victory over Central in the debate? The B-4 girls thought not, at any rate, so bade our "young Ciceros" come to Miss Forbes' apartment in the Baltimore at 7 o'clock that evening. Mr. Middleton, who was not permitted to debate, on account of sickness, was invited. Our President also was present and presided with great dignity (?) at the table. The favors were Tech emblems of red cardboard, on which was written an appropriate title for every one present. Enthusiasm was at its highest during the whole evening, and it finally burst its bounds when the doorbell rang, and our President was presented with a box of flowers, expressing the congratulations of Mr. Mattern and Mr. Hecox for the fine showing the team made. This proved to be the climax, and, to give vent to their feelings, all retired to the fire escape and gave Tech yells to their hearts' content. Another very interesting feature of the evening was the initiating of the debating team.

Very few would have recognized our dignified orators could they have seen them sweeping floors, dusting walk and riding carpet sweepers. Miss Forbes was a delightful hostess, and all agreed that the chafing-dish supper was a "rare bit" of pleasure and celebration.

Our glorious victory over Central in debate created such a strong impulse among our debaters to raise what is commonly termed "Cain" in polite circles, that they joyfully responded to Miss Cameron's invitation for an evening's merry-making at her charming home near Brightwood Park. The party, in addition to the members of the debating team and their feminine friends of B-4, included our beloved faculty advisor and our quiet (?), dignified (?) President. That any one residing within a mile of the car-line on which they made their incursion into Brightwood is today unawares of the fact that "Tech" beat Central in debate, I seriously doubt, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they convinced the conductor that they had not taken the wrong car and were returning to the Zoo.

Arriving at their destination, they wended their way by the aid of a full moon "up the hill and over the vale" to the house, where elabo-

rate preparation had been made for their coming. The spacious front porch bespoke a glittering welcome with the aid of a number of Japanese lanterns. A cloth was spread upon the floor in one corner of the porch, and seated around upon cushions the hungry victors partook of one of the most pleasant and unique feasts of their young lives. The wit exhibited around this festive board was so great that the Japanese lanterns, unable to stand it, finally flickered out, one by one, to the great pleasure—must it be admitted—of the crowd.

Later in the evening a little oratory was indulged in on a near-by stump, far outclassing the performance of the afternoon, followed by "songs in the dark" on the porch, and then by dancing in the large hall in the house. At the end of the evening every one assured Miss Cameron that if the affair would be repeated "Tech" would immediately challenge Central to another debate. Those present were Miss Forbes, Miss Cameron, Miss Wright, Miss Neal and Miss Brodie, and Messrs. Howell, Auerbach, Pushaw, Seifrig and Middleton.

Page
Two
Hundred
and
One



HASTE THEE NYMPH, AND BRING WITH THEE, JEST AND YOUTHFUL JOLLITY,



QUIPS, AND CRANKS,
AND WANTON WILES
NODS AND BECKS, AND
WREATHED SMILES



SPORT THAT WRINKLED
CARF DEBIDES,
AND LAUGHTER HOLDING
BOTH HIS SIDES.

JOKES.

The *King*, the *Jaeger* and the *Swan*—A Tale of 1907.

It was upon one beautiful *Sontag* morning. The sun, but lately risen, was sending a soft and warming *Ray*, thru the stained *Glass* windows of the royal bed chamber, and a gentle *Brez* wafted the delicate aroma of the new-blossomed flowers into the apartment. But the *King* himself was in no happy mood. He had been awakened at *Wann* o'clock by being suddenly thrown upon the floor thru the breaking of a royal bed *Schladt*, and since that time had secured no rest. As the morning advanced he grew impatient of tossing about on his royal couch and angrily summoned his *Page*.

"*Smah!*" he cried. "Last night our bed broke and felled us to the floor. As a result *Auerbach* aches and we are peevish. Enrobe us hastily, we pray, and find us some diversions."

The *Page* obeyed quickly, smoothed the *King's Platt* and dressed the monarch every bit, save his boots. With these latter he was too

slow. What are you doing, *Smah!*" roared the *King*, angrily.

The *Page* trembled. "Your Majesty, I am *Putnam* on," he said.

"Make haste, then," returned the ruler, "and now go to yon window and report to me that which you observe."

The *Page* approached the window, gazed over the wide *Mooers* which stretched away on either side from the palace, and returning, reported that he had seen only a solitary *Jaeger* in the distance carrying over his shoulder a huge *Swan*.

"Very well," said the *King*, "we must have that bird. *Swan* meat is good for *Corning*." And forthwith he dispatched his servants after it, and these, when they had come upon the *Jaeger*, asked no questions about the *Swan*, but simply *Tucker*. Soon the party with the bird returned to the palace, closely followed by the poor *Jaeger* and presented their capture to the *King*.

But the bereaved *Jaeger*, who, with the rest

had entered the palace and now stood before the *King*, was loud in his acclamations.

"Your Majesty," he cried, "It is not *Wright* that you should take my *Swan*, and as I *Neal* before you here I beseech its restoration. You *Cantwell* in justice refuse me. If you must have the bird you should at least *Byer*."

"*Pu! Shaw!*" laughed the tyrant; "what I will to be mine is mine. Be gone and leave us *Sloane*."

"But your Majesty," continued the poor man, "I strove with difficulty to obtain this bird. I arose early after the fashion of the *Redman*, and retreated to the forest, where, after forcing my way thru much *Bryarly* underbrush, I at last caught sight of a rippling *Brock*; and there along the banks, eating the *Moss*, was this *Swan*. The rest, oh, *King*, you know too well."

The *King*, who had all this time been looking at his royal *Foot* with evil in his eye, gave an impatient *Howell*.

"*Hick! man,*" he exclaimed, "What a *Klinger* you are. Begone, you *Simp's son*, you, or I will *Marr* your anatomy."

And forthwith he shot his *Shutow* at the unsuspecting *Jaeger* and kicked him quite thru

the *Doran* down the steps. The poor man picked himself up and felt his bones.

"He has only broken my *Hart*," he remarked.

A good-looking fellow named Glass,
Escorted a girl to her class;
But she gave him a look,
When he dropped her new book,
That made him feel sad for his brass.

Oh, how I would love for one moment to be
That little white glove which belongeth to thee.
For then I might touch thy hand, and be free
In squeezing quite much and with impunity.

A LAMENT.
THE MISSED KISS;
Or,
THE UNKISSED MISS.

Written in a fit of despondency and a backhand.
Oh, Bessie, dear,
No one was near
And yet I did not do it;
And now I sigh,
And wonder why,
And cuss myself and rue it.

—G. M.

Said a broad-shouldered, handsome fellow,
Sloane,
To his father-in-law: "Just give me a loan,
I'll pay it all back,
When I ride in my hack."
But his father-in-law did nothing but moan.

FROM DIFFERENT POINTS.

Father, you were born in California, you say?"

"Yes, my son."

"And mother was born in New York?"

"Yes."

"And I was born in Indiana?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, father, don't it beat the Dutch how we all got together?"

A correspondence bureau once received the following letter:

"Dere Madam: I am a poor widder, with one lung and two front rooms to rent. Can you help me rent them to somebody who would be good pay. I am a great sufferer. I here you are good to the poor, which I am one. Hoping to here soon,
MRS. DOUGHERTY."

WASN'T CLOSE ENOUGH.

She—Is her hair Titian red?

He—I can't say whether it's Titian red or imitation.

Wann, an officer of high degree,
As high as any we want to see,
Has never a thought
That he hadn't ought,
Except when he's late—then, O, Gee!

HIS OBJECT.

Deacon Goodman—My boy, do you know that this is the Sabbath? I hope you are not going a-fishing with that hook and line?

Boy—No, sir; I'm only going to see if there are any wicked, Sabbath-breaking fish in that stream over yonder. If there should happen to be, I suppose it wouldn't be wrong to punish them by pulling them out, would it?

A METAMORPHOSIS.

Mrs. Brady—Did you ever notice what a pretty foot your daughter Nancy has?"

Mrs. Grady—Indeed, I have; and do you know there was an artist that lived in our house one summer who thought it was so lovely that he wanted to make a "bust" out of it?

RETIRED FROM THE RANKS.

Wallace—What is the reason Johnny isn't wearing his "Little Defender" badge any more?

Mrs. Wallace—He doesn't seem to be so fond of ministering to dumb animals since he put a poor little half-frozen bee in his pocket to get it warm.

There was a young girl named Wright,
Who was always exceedingly bright,
But she once sang a song,
And was told it was wrong,
"Tain't so," she answered, "I'm right
(Wright.)"

A is for Adams, the agile athlete,
B is for Brock and Byer, both sweet.
C is for Cunningham and Cooper demure,
They both are cunning and cute, I am sure.
D is for Doran, our dinky debater,
E is for Elsie, Art's fair creator.
F is for Foote, a very bright lass,
Fair and funny, especially in class.
G is Gibby's great gushy gab,
H for the Howell and Hicky confab.

I is for *It* and that's for each senior
Who shows that he's *It* in his common demeanor.

J is for Joy, the jubilant joker,

K is for Klinger, afraid to play poker.

L is for Laugh, and this we all do,

When with lessons and work we find ourselves through.

M is for Millard and also for Moss,

N is for Neal; we love her, of course.

O is for Office, where we are sent,

And there we remain until we repent.

P is for Page, precious, petite,

Q for quizzes; they're not very sweet.

R is for Richards and also for Ray,

Who's as dainty and sweet as a bright summer's day.

S is for Sloan, Simpson and Starky,

T is for Truesdell and Tucker, so larky,

U is for Us; hard work we pursue—

But, then, we feel happy when we are through.

V for Vacation, it soon will be here,

W for Weirick; for her, here's a cheer.

X, Y, Z, stand for nothing, I know,

Perhaps I'll find out when older I grow.

THIS IS A MECHANICAL AGE.

Mrs. Brown (at Mrs. Smith's tea)—Oh, dear, that dreadful Miss Smith is singing again. I wonder what started her?

Tom Brown (aged seven)—I dropped a penny down her back when she wasn't looking.

A dressy young maiden named Ray,
Walks to school each fine sunny day
With a lad named Gerry,
And they seem very merry,
On the corner as long as they may.

ACCOMMODATING.

The young lady in the sable cloak rushed into the telegraph office and rapped sharply on the counter with the inkstand. The clerk came forward to see what she wanted this time.

"Oh," she said, "let me have that telegram I wrote about fifteen minutes ago. I forgot something very important. I wanted to underscore the words, 'perfectly lovely,' in acknowledging the receipt of that bracelet. Will it cost anything extra?"

"No, ma'am," said the clerk, as he handed her the message. The young lady drew two heavy lines beneath the words and said:

"It's awfully good of you to let me do that. It will please Charlie so much."

"Don't mention it," said the clerk. "If you would like, I will put a few drops of nice violet extract on the telegram at the same rates."

"Oh, thank you, sir. You don't know how much I would appreciate it. I'm going to send all my telegrams through this office. You are so obliging."

And the smile she gave him would have done any one good to have seen, with the possible exception of Charlie.

BORN FOR THE PLACE.

Mother—Nothing pleases that child.

Father—What a critic he'll make.

Said a soldierly senior named Hart,

"I wish that I had a cart

To carry my books;

They so spoil my looks

That they keep me from looking quite smart.

Small boy—Auntie, did God make both you and me?

Aunt—Yes, dear.

Small boy—He's doing much better work now, than he used to, isn't he?—Ex.

Mr. Morris (after stepping on girl's foot)—
Oh, excuse me, Miss B., but I had to step somewhere.

"It's all up with me," said the umbrella.

"How sew? asked the needle.

"It was this weigh," said the scales.

"Shut up!" retorted the umbrella.

"Nit," said the yarn.

"Oh," come off!" said the button.

"Hit him," said the hammer.

"I'll stand by you," remarked the easel.

"You can count on me," said the slate.

"Take that," ordered the pill.

"It's all over now," said the ceiling.

"I'll keep shut hereafter," concluded the umbrella.—Ex.

He—Was that man laughing at me?

She—I don't know. He often laughs at nothing.

A quiet young fellow named Platt
One morning laid down his hat,
But, my—Oh, alack,

When again he came back,
Some one had mashed it quite flat.

A strenuous maiden named May
Went walking one high-windy day.

"Said she, "I am mad,
And it's really too bad
To lose all my hairpins that way."

Customer—Let me see the thinnest thing in
shirtwaists.

Clerk—I'm sorry, but she has just gone out
to lunch.

A FUNNY DREAM.

Richards had a dream last night,
Oh, would that it were true;
He dreamed that each subscriber came
And paid him what was due.

A popular senior named Neal,
Who always jolly does feel,
When in a dispute
Is surely no mute,
That you'd know if you once heard her spiel.

A's for our Army, C, D and K,
May they bring back the flag on that glorious day.

Is for Adams, an amiable athlete from Takoma,

Also for Auerbach, an aggressive Captain, supposed to be serious, but really quite sociable.

B is for boning, Done all in a chunk,
As we jam an' we cram To avoid a flunk.
Is for baseball, which strenuous game
Has given to Tech much excellent fame.
Is for Brodie, a renowned French scholar;
Is also for Brez, devoted to English work of all kinds.

Besides, for Bryarly, our blustering Adjutant.

Buehler must not be mentioned in such frivolous company, his dignity is well known.

C is for Cantwell, a curious combination, but quite harmless.

Is for Cameron, also for chemistry, with which this young lady doesn't seem to agree.

Is for Cuninghame, cute and winning, commonly known as Lazy Elsie.

Is also honored by being the initial of our famous Major's name.

Is for Corning, a brilliant youngster, and also somewhat of a singer (?).

D is the letter found on the report
Of those that don't study the way they "ort."
Is for debate, a point we excel on,
We succeeded in handing dear Central a lemon.

Is also for Davis, a sociable chap in B-4, who expects to own a launch some day.

Also for De Carre—decidedly lazy, but a good fellow at heart.

Also for Duffie, dulling the razor;
The best we can wish for him is that his income may be proportional to his beard.

E is a mark which rarely occurs uncombined, especially with the present faculty in charge.

F' a more familiar mark and is given by a teacher who was in such a hurry to get through that she left the bottom off the preceding letter.

Is for football;

It's really not bad.

To think that it's cruel

Is only a fad.

G is a good, steady letter to receive and is given
by the better natured of our faculty.

Stands for girls,

And, between you and me,

If it wasn't for them,

What a school this would be.

Stands for Glass, never seen with a lass, but
a mathematician for all that.

H is for Hart, our long Captain, who is noted
for the nice ways he has with the ladies.

K is for knocks, which we are all likely to get
once in a while, especially if we take chem-
istry.

Is for Kengla, that chubby youngster of B-4,
who always tries to look solemn.

Is also for King, our learned colleague.

L is for liar, whom all the world loves. Also
for Leger, who is an authority on machine
shop work.

M is for Marr, our student who has a redeem-
ing spark of humor.

Also for Michener, one of our Lieutenants,
who is supposed to know something about
steam.

Also for Mooers, our abbreviated Lieutenant,
who is a famous maker of poetry (?).

Is for Middleton, orator and poet.

N is for Neal, a young lady who is conspicuous
because she is so seldom (?) heard from.

P is for Ponies.

You'd hardly believe

They could prosper so well

In the end of a sleeve.

Is for Palmer, commonly known as Johnny,
and so well known that further comment
is unnecessary.

Also for Platt, our promising ball player
from Takoma, whose one desire is to work,
and who has thus earned himself the title
on the field and in the class of "Energetic
Doran" and "Willing Worker."

Also for Pushaw, our handsome Lieutenant
and orator.

Q is for quantity,

Quality, too;

Central is crowded,

At Tech there are few.

R is for rough-house,

Abhorred by the teachers;

It grates on the nerves

Of the dear, gentle creatures.

Is for Redman, our curly-headed Captain.

S is for Square Deal
Of good Dr. Myers,
Which any one gets
If he only desires.
Is for Safford, our quiet electrician.
Is for Schladt, a genius in disguise;
Also for Seifriz.

Chollie (who has tried on the Professor's hat)—Aw, Professor, my head is larger than yours.

Professor—Yes; on the outside.

Our senior Page is something sweet,
Graceful, with a form petite.

She says, I'm all right,
If I am out of sight;
I'm small, but, then, I'm complete.

"You don't seem to care much for original ideas," said the contributor, with a sneer, as he gathered up his manuscripts.

"No," replied the zero-blooded editor; "we'd rather have good ones."

Miss Brodie is fond of a pun,
And thinks that it is much fun

To make good jokes
On all other folks;
For to her mind it's something well done.

Teacher—What are brains?

Pupil (slightly flustered)—Brains are things we are supposed to have in our head.

Teacher—In your case it is entirely supposition.

Mr. H.—In what course do you expect to graduate?

Mr. R.—In the course of time, from the looks of things.

A quiet young fellow named King
One evening tried hard to sing.

He tried so hard
To win our regard

That against him we said not a thing.

The big Smith in section A-4

Is certainly one big bore.

But it's lots of fun

When he gets done,

In English for the section to roar.

Mr. D.—Hold on, Thiele; what are you going to do with that part of the problem?

Mr. Thiele—Oh, just skip it and go on.

A lovely young maiden named Grace
Is famed afar for her face;
She's awfully sweet,
And extremely neat,
But she'll jolly you—oh, she's a case.

Mr. M.—You have left out part D in that question.

"Yes; I thought it would bring up too many unpleasant memories."

A rolling stone gathers no Moss.
If it did 'twould be a great loss;
For to lose our Mary
Would be quite contrary
To our thoughts and wishes, of course.

SONGS.

AND OF WHAT THEY REMIND US.

"Deutschland," Room XI.

"He Walked Right in and Turned Around
and Walked Right Out Again," Miss Hartman's
S. H.

"Waiting," Graduation.

"Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," a certain
Second Lieutenant.

"Wedding of the Winds," third floor corridor.

"Giggler," B-4 girls.

"Why Don't You Try," Recitations.

"Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown." Inquire of
Miss C. B-4.

"Happy Heine," Sterzer.

"Woodland," Woodturning Shop.

"Sweet Remembrance," School Days.

"The Fortune Teller," Miss Forbes.

"Always in the Way," Lessons.

"Sympathy," Semi-Annual Reports.

"Tessie," Mr. Many.

"Dreams of Childhood," Our Ambitions.

FASTER THAN THE LOCOMOTIVE.

A respectable-looking old colored woman had done a bit of shop-lifting in Baltimore, and had skipped for Washington City. When she alighted from the train in the Washington depot an officer stepped up to her and told her to consider herself under arrest. "What fur?" exclaimed the surprised old lady. "Well,

madam," explained the officer, "a telegram reached here ahead of you, giving your description and telling about a little bit of stealing you did up in Baltimore."

"Lawdy, Cap'n," said the old lady; "lawdy, ef I had a knowed dere wuz anyting comin' faster dan I wuz, I sho' would a' come on dat."

STILL DISSATISFIED.

"Well," remarked the wife of the man who had changed his mind about coming to Congress, "you have a clear conscience, anyhow."

"I know that," was the comfortless reply. But a clear conscience isn't what I was running for.—Washington Star.

SHE HAD AMBITION.

"Is it true that she aspires to a better walk in life? I guess so. She has been studying Del-sarte steady for two years now."

Sarcastic Young Miss—How do you write such funny things?

Young Joker—With my typewriter.

Young Miss—Oh; I thought you used some kind of a copying machine.

THE DECLENSION OF A KISS.

(From the Ladies' Home Journal)

"You may please decline kiss," said a teacher one day,

To a miss of sixteen who was pretty and sweet.

"Why, I hardly know how, but I'll try, any way,"

She replied with a smile bewitchingly sweet. Its case is objective, you plainly can see, desired

It may be quite proper, I'm sorry to say. Its gender is common, second person required, And it's plural in form in a singular way.

It's case is objective, you plainly can see, Because it's an object so ardently sought. It agrees in most cases with you and with me, But, according to no rule by schoolmasters taught.

I've made a mistake very likely somewhere; If I have, I assure you it's no fault of mine. For I think to ask me was not very fair, When you know that a kiss is hard to decline."

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